

4, 1889.

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

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POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,766, Vol. 68.

August 31, 1889.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE STRIKE.

IT is necessary in reviewing both the strike of this week and the very considerable mass of matter written about it to distinguish between the real and the sham. The second will be found on examination to bear a respectable proportion to the first. It is tolerably clear that no small part of this "immense strike," this "unprecedented movement," or whatever else it may be called by reporters well stocked with adjectives, is neither more immense nor more unprecedented than many sudden popular emotions. There is about it a large element of the revivalist meeting or of those apparently unaccountable popularities earned by theatrical performances or financial speculations which do not, to the unaffected spectator, appear in the least better or worse than scores of others which passed almost unobserved. Turning out on principle has been very much of a fashion for a week. The thing has become big because accident and puffing, combined with summer weather and comparatively slack times, have set going one of those imitative manias to which human nature has been observed to be liable during some six thousand years. As a matter of course the papers have lent their aid. Profiting by the goodness of Providence to the press in the silly season, they have made the most of such excellent material for copy. Deep has answered to deep, tub-orator to newspaper reporter, and there has been a loud reverberation of noise about the greatness, the novelty, the serious significance of the strike. Naturally the strikers on principle have heard all this roared by the tub-orator and duly echoed by the press, with the sense that they are doing something very novel and deserving of the attention of Europe. It is a pleasing excitement to hear of London threatened by famine or darkness—better than naval manoeuvres by far; for, after all, the striker on principle is taking part in the show. There is, perhaps, less excuse for the newspapers which repeat this nonsense, and the so-called friends of the people who listen to it, without pointing out that the first to suffer by famine will be the poorest, and that the loss of gas will be most grievous to those who can least afford to pay for candles. As it is, the East-End shops which sell in small parcels are sending up their prices. Coal has more than doubled, to the injury, in the first place, of those who buy it by the "hundred," and not of those who buy it by the ton. The stopping of deliveries of Australian meat and of flour are already producing exactly similar consequences on the food supply of the poor.

It would, of course, be the extreme of folly to deny that there is much in the strike which is serious enough. At this moment the dock labourers and their case make the last part of it. These men are undoubtedly entitled to make the best terms for themselves they can, and to refuse to work except on conditions satisfactory to themselves. Nobody denies this—but the right of the Companies to work on terms satisfactory to themselves is equally clear; and if the men do not choose to take the best terms they can get by free bargaining, they ought to be expected to look out for more acceptable work elsewhere. Of course their right to starve if they choose is beyond all question. If they will not do this, then they must do the work they can get. They must not expect to have work provided for them on their own terms, in defiance of the state of the market and the nature of things. In our mealy-mouthed times this may seem to some a brutal way of stating the case; but it is the fact, and in the long run no good comes to anybody or anything, to humanitarians and philanthropy no more than to others, by blindness to facts. What, however, constitutes the exaggerated, but still real, gravity of the strike is, that means, active and passive, are being used to put pressure on the Dock Companies, in order to make

them grant terms not made necessary by the nature of things and the state of the market. We do not speak of the picketing and intimidation of workmen, though in spite of Mr. MATTHEWS's wire-drawn distinction they have gone on. Such things are more or less common to all strikes, and have been worse in other cases than in this. What is better worth noting here is, that the pressure is largely exercised indirectly—which everybody knows—and, what nobody seems to care to say, is being made effective by the weakness, cowardice, and selfishness of other men of business who do not or will not see that their interests are bound up with those of the Dock Companies. Among them there is a marked inclination to get out of the immediate difficulty by weak concession and, what is worse, a mean disposition to throw the whole blame on the Dock Companies, and to call upon them to make concessions at their own expense for the general good. No great industry ever cut a more undignified figure than the shipowners of London do at this moment, with their combination of whining complaint that the Companies will not pay the men and quiet them, their nervous assertion that they cannot support any increase in the dock charges, and their threat to make a dock for themselves just after they have filled the papers with their condemnation of the excessive combination of existing Dock Companies. Yet if the Companies cannot pay more and are compelled to do it, one of two things must happen—either they will become bankrupt, or they will increase their charges. The shipowners have, to be sure, a third suggestion—namely, that they should be allowed to run the docks for their own benefit—which is, we take it, a very pretty example of the readiness of some hawks to seize the moment when other hawks are in a net for the purpose of picking out their eyes. Perhaps the most characteristic incident of the strike occurred on Wednesday, when "about a thousand men marched *via* Woolwich, Plumstead, Abbey Wood, and Belvedere to Erith, in order to bring out the coal-porters" of a firm engaged in business there. In this case the men employed were contented, quite ready to go on working, and even apparently full of fight. It was the employers who yielded. After a long wrangle they "agreed that no more unloading of coal should take place in their wharves until the dispute was settled," and they gave "10s. for the men to drink their health, and 5*s.* towards the funds." This, too, be it observed, was after the loyalty of their men had stood firm against cajolery and threats of a visitation from Mr. BURNS and thirty thousand more, and of ducking in the river. If this is how intimidation is met, is it wonderful that intimidation takes place?

What it has all come to mean is made sufficiently clear by the conspicuous activity of Mr. BURNS and by his language. Whatever movement he joins becomes at once Socialistic, if it was not so before—and he has been very busy, he and Mr. H. H. CHAMPION, speech-making, letter-writing, negotiating, and, as we observe with pleasure, running to and fro "in a brougham," grand as CUFFY. Whither Mr. BURNS would guide the movement, if he has a chance, he has frankly explained. When they had got what they wanted, he said on Wednesday, "then they would consider other movements." In fact, there is to be a general movement, for which the dock labourers have only supplied the excuse, and to which they may very conceivably be sacrificed. Unions have before now prolonged strikes at the expense of starvation to poorer fellow-workmen for their own selfish ends. The accounts given by eye-witnesses at the end of the week of the growing misery of the dock labourers themselves and the obstinacy of the Union men convey the impression that this situation has been almost reached already. On all hands it is becoming clearer that the strikers on principle are now, whatever may have been their

intention at the beginning, making demands on their own account, and will stand out for them. It is idle to tell the dock labourers that they ought to have this or the other of their demands. They will get what they can get, and no more. If the Dock Companies do stand out, which they have quite as good a right to do as the workmen, and are much better able to do, and if that tendency to return to work which is noted already is hastened by downright starvation, of which there are already signs, no small part of the blame for the misery endured will rest on the cheap philanthropists who have prated during the week about what the men "ought" to have. Mr. BURNS's words may well be weighed by those employers who feel disposed to use the Dock Companies as the traditional tub to the whale. They also deserve the attention of those who are asked to show active sympathy with the dock labourers in the present phase of their struggle, which is not by fair bargaining to secure better terms from the Companies—for they have been conceded—but to dictate terms by violence. Such a movement deserves no patronage, whether it takes the form of leading articles or of Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON's subscription for the women and children. It was the duty of the men to support their wives and families themselves by honest work. They should not have struck without providing for the necessity, and whoever helps to relieve them of the burden interferes to prolong unduly a cessation of work which has ceased to be excusable, and has become a nuisance and, to some extent, a danger to the community.

ARMENIAN ATROCITIES.

THE Duke de BROGLIE told the world some years ago how a French King amused himself by maintaining an elaborate secret diplomacy quite independent of, and sometimes not by any means working in harmony with, the recognized representatives of France. The system has not seldom commended itself to monarchs as well as to their Ministers; but we do not remember a much more curious instance of its results than the letter which Mr. GLADSTONE sent to the *Daily News* of Tuesday last concerning the alleged "atrocities" in Armenia. Parliament was still sitting, and it might be thought that, if Mr. GLADSTONE, a member of Parliament, had to bring before the Government and the public something which, as he seems to think, authorizes a demand according to treaty for the suppression of outrages and the condign punishment of villains, his place in the House would be the fit place for making the statement. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, sends that statement instead to the *Daily News*, with a complimentary reference to the way in which that journal engineered the atrocities in Bulgaria thirteen years ago, and with the very curious guarantee that "it is furnished with particulars "of times and persons and proceeds from a source which "has every presumption of trustworthiness." That is to say, it is a "piece," both in the common and the diplomatic sense, of the secret diplomacy of Mr. GLADSTONE, and is brought forward to strengthen the vague and weak charges which, after many months, the same journal has just received from its Correspondent in Tiflis. It may be observed, in passing, that Mr. GLADSTONE's news, such as it is, is not very new, that if there is one place from which true accounts of events in Armenia are not likely to be received, that place is Tiflis, and that the late Mr. MCGAHAN—who, whatever may be thought of the use made of his inquiries by Mr. GLADSTONE and others, was a bold and faithful inquirer—did not effect his "discoveries" at a Russian town, under the comfortable patronage of the nation which had to gain by a general belief in what he "discovered."

It is part of the "wicked charm" (to use the phrase of a historian about a not dissimilar matter) of this atrocity-mongering that it is impossible to bring criticism to bear on its facts and fictions without being accused of callous indifference to suffering on the one hand and crime on the other. The attempt to disprove a charge is represented as an attempt to palliate the crime charged, and the prisoner's advocate is represented as the criminal's apologist. But to be frightened off by this would argue as little discretion as valour. We must take the liberty of repeating, for the tenth time at least even on this occasion, that mere lists of crimes, however handsomely they may be furnished with names and dates, are not things on which any reasonable charge can be based. The *omnium gatherum* of atrocities which the *Daily News'* Correspondent has had sent to him

at Tiflis, and which he sends on without even such a vague voucher for its genuineness as Mr. GLADSTONE's, consists of accusations, in part extremely weak, and always unproved. An Armenian travelling from Alashgurd to Erzeroum with his nephew disappeared. Their bodies were found, and nobody has been punished. Something not wholly unlike this occurred in the peaceful Isle of Arran the other day; but we do not know that the SULTAN has been advised to make representations to Queen VICTORIA. Elsewhere a Bey "compelled his "servant woman to turn Mussulman that he might marry "her." Does even Mr. BRYCE think that we ought to move earth and heaven about this? There are worse things in the *réquisitoire* than this, no doubt; but almost all, if not all, little exceed the ordinary incidents of frontier brigandage in a wild and imperfectly policed country. Mr. GLADSTONE's cases are fewer but heavier, and more elaborately described. By far the longest story is, but for one ugly detail, not too credibly related (we do not think it is in accordance with Mahomedan etiquette for a brother to outrage the girl he is carrying off to be the other brother's wife), almost exactly identical with, and not worse than, the rough abductions which were once so common in the Highlands of Scotland and in Ireland, and the most notorious of which is the famous case of ROBIN OIG. This and the other crimes, in all of which MOUSSA Bey is concerned, are undoubtedly matters for an inquiry, in order that they may be authenticated in some less perfunctory manner than Mr. GLADSTONE's, who indeed seems to touch the whole matter gingerly, like a man who has made one tremendous *coup* with a card, and half fears to play it again. But it may just be observed in passing that there is not a word about bride-boiling in them.

We so far agree with Mr. GLADSTONE—an agreement so rare that we always like to make the most of it when it exists—that we have great regard in discussing these matters to the treaty rights which England possesses in reference to them. Reference to these rights in Mr. GLADSTONE's mouth is, perhaps, a little bold. The instruments by which they are chiefly conferred are instruments which Mr. GLADSTONE and his party condemned unsparingly, which they hastened to make a dead letter when soon after their conclusion they came into power, and the full carrying out of which they affected, and still affect, to regard with horror. But this matters little. We are well aware that, with persons so slippery as atrocity-mongers, inquiry is a difficult game. If MOUSSA Bey were to produce the clearest alibi in all the cases against him, they would be certain that, if it was not MOUSSA Bey, it was somebody else; that, if it was not on the 10th of July, it was on the 9th of June, and that, if it was not at the "village of Dabavank," it was at "the village of Vabadank." The spirit of him who saw beansacks as men hanging is always with the atrocity-monger, and to convince him is an impossible as to attempt it is futile. But it is all but certain that these things are being regularly got up as an excuse—not necessarily or immediately to be used, but ready for use if necessary—for the intervention of Russia; and it is therefore extremely desirable that every means should be taken to find out the truth. Nor do we perceive what harm can be done by the inquiry. If the charges are false, they will, no doubt, continue to be falsely urged; but the lie can be driven down the throat that utters it each time of utterance. If they are true, to anything like their full extent, no harm can come of proving them true which would not also come from their inevitable effect in estranging the population from Turkey and throwing it into the arms of Russia.

Probably most people who possess a somewhat wider knowledge and a somewhat better judgment than the amiable fanatics who believe these things, as well as a sense of decency superior to that of the (we trust, few) scoundrels who echo and propagate without believing them, would expect to find that, as a whole, they are neither true nor false. "Some truth there is, but dashed and brewed with 'lies.'" The manners of the Kurds are unlikely to have softened very materially since the time when Sir HENRY LAYARD, a good way to the south of Bitlis, nearly broke his neck in catching sight of a certain mountain platform, paved with Nestorian, not Armenian, bones. And at all times and in all places blackmail, robbery, and abduction, with too frequent murder and outrage, have resulted from the juxtaposition of fierce and warlike highlanders with more pacific races, even if there are no religious differences to exasperate the enmity. But it is impossible to see what interest the SULTAN can have in protecting MOUSSA

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and his like, and it is quite certain that it is his interest to protect the Armenians. The talk of the Atrocitarians (they are all but a regular sect, and may as well have a regularly formed name) about "a systematic policy, having for its object the expatriation of the Armenians," is an instance of the frantic silliness of the true believer in all such fictions. It is the kind of thing to command itself to a rather dull member of a Home Reading Circle who had been reading about the expulsion of the Moriscos. To begin with, there are about a million Armenians in Armenia, and at least half as many in other parts of the Turkish dominions. You cannot easily "expatriate" a million and a half people in these days, even if they happen to be your best-paying, most industrious, and most generally useful subjects. But, now that the Porte has been effectually waked up to governing in Crete, it is very desirable that it should have little jogging in the Armenian direction. When the Atrocitarian is set going, he is perfectly unscrupulous and sometimes rather dangerous: and Mr. GLADSTONE has set him going now.

THE FUTURE OF PARTIES.

IT is still a great country this, and we have a vast deal to be proud of. But from the natural mutation of things there are variations in what we boast of most, and at the present moment our Parliamentary institutions are less frequently chosen for celebration than they used to be. Contrary to recent expectation, the House of Lords is no less glorious to the general view; but as for the House of Commons, to which the other was related as a kind of moon—this, the central sun of our Parliamentary system, has waned, and is waning very much indeed. Proud of it we were immeasurably, and there was hardly an intelligent foreigner anywhere who did not contemplate it with a like feeling to that which afflicts our American visitors when they gaze on Windsor Castle or the Abbey church of Westminster. But the foreigner may envy us less now; and it is to be feared that the present temper of the English people is such that they do not care if he does. They have lost their own pride in an assembly once truly named august—look up to it less, look down upon it more, and take only an occasional superior interest in its proceedings. Possibly this is not a lasting change. A day may come when the House of Commons will regain the attention and respect which it has certainly lost, even within the time of this generation; but, if so, there must be a return to it of the greater minds that strove together in its walls when men like Sir GEORGE LEWIS were accounted second-rate, and also a return of the courtesy and dignity by which HEALYS and TANNERS were chastened into decency and stifled into silence. The cant against the customary laudation of old times will still be repeated; but it does not avail to show us either the existence or the prospect of any such set of men in the House of Commons as were diminishing on both benches at the date of Mr. DISRAELI's last leadership and the beginnings of Mr. GLADSTONE's transformation. A glance at the composition of Cabinets nowadays suffices to reveal at once the whole extent of the change; and when the House of Commons is scanned for new men rising behind the ranks of dwindling competency, how many do we see? and what is their promise?

The question has been asked a hundred times, but never with more point than at this moment. We have just come to the end of a Session which in one particular, and that of the highest importance, is more remarkable than any other since the Peelite party was formed, and far beyond that in point of significance. It has, indeed, come to an end but little regarded, though that end has not only been peace, but peace with the honour of an exceedingly flattering, and yet not at all untruthful, QUEEN'S Speech. And yet, unless we misread the signs of the times, before many months are out this Session will be looked upon as marking the date of a distinct and momentous change in the currents of party politics. Because Mr. LABOUCHERE is Mr. LABOUCHERE, the muster of a New Radical party behind him loses much of the significance that properly belongs to it. But what it portends is better understood when we observe that this party was not formed for a special occasion or a temporary purpose. Some appearance of that kind it had for a little while, but never to the eyes of the two or three who had been regarded as Mr. GLADSTONE's heirs. They, who had been long exercised as to the future guidance of the Opposition Radicals—as to whose hands it should fall into, the line to be taken, and so forth—perceived at once that a

determinate settlement of those questions was intended by the mutiny. Their own idea had been that nothing could be done while Mr. GLADSTONE remained at the head of the party; but these others—these others did not choose to wait. Suspicious of what seemed to them the weakness and hesitancy of Mr. GLADSTONE's nearer colleagues, they pushed to the front, in virtue of a fine discrimination and a courage accordant therewith. They saw that the time had come when Mr. GLADSTONE himself might be put aside by any set of men who insisted on the immediate embodiment of the New Radicalism; and this they determined to attempt offhand. Mr. GLADSTONE obviously understood the full meaning of the move at once; the very remarkable conduct of Mr. MORLEY at the time, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's "attitude" then and since, show that they were equally aware of its significance. It is too soon to say that Mr. GLADSTONE has succumbed to the unexpected intimations of his Radical following in the House of Commons when the Royal Grants Bill came up, and the complete acquiescence of the whole body of Advanced Radicalism in the country. But, to all appearance, Mr. GLADSTONE is strongly disposed to retire. Meanwhile, he may endeavour to renew the glories of his celebrated Bulgarian campaign; but he will soon learn that they cannot be repeated. By the time Parliament meets again, preparation for the next general election will have commenced, and then his choice must be made. He will either compete with Mr. LABOUCHERE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in the denunciations and the promises of an organized New Radicalism, or he will seek the retirement already pointed out to him. In either case, in any case, we have not to wait for Mr. GLADSTONE's disappearance to witness the beginning of what was always expected to follow upon that event. The New Radical party, Socialist in its principles, revolutionary in its aims, has been definitely formed; and as soon as the programmes for the general election are formulated it will be seen in full swing, probably with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Mr. MORLEY, and other hesitants at its head.

If we are right, the consequence will necessarily be the reformation of what is now the Ministerial party on a broader basis and in closer array. That certainty leaves little to be feared; but yet something depends on the men on either side. When this point is considered, it is obvious at once that the advantage is all one way. In the face of such an opposition as might be organized, and probably will be organized, on out-and-out Radical-Socialist principles, we may expect that the party now called Unionist will become more closely fused; it will be strange if it loses any of its vigour, and nobody doubts that there is far more character, more weight, more sheer political capacity in its ranks than Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. LABOUCHERE can muster between them. If at the close of the Session we look down the ranks of the combatants, it is easy to see who have been the losers. Clearly, the heart is out of the Irish party; and, if they have cost the Gladstonian Liberals much, they have rendered nothing back, not even a debater, generally useful—though that may be remedied in future. Of Mr. GLADSTONE's English captains, not one has gained ground this Session. Indeed, it may be said that all have slipped lower, with the sole exception of Mr. LABOUCHERE, whose advancement is made at the expense of men who never dreamed of coming into competition with him. At the end of another Session nobody thinks better of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's political character, or his competence, than at the beginning of it—neither of Mr. MORLEY's; worse rather. The TREVELYANS and MUNDELLAS are but fading forms. The new men of that side are persons like Mr. STOREY; and, though Mr. ASQUITH has not put himself forward much, in him the Radicals have a stronger man than some that are better known. On the other side no such decadence appears anywhere; for, of course, we are not to reckon Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. The well-earned authority of the Unionist leaders remains unimpaired, if it has received no fresh illustration; and, while it certainly seems as if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had drawn further from friendship with revolutionary doctrine, the one "new man" of real importance in the House of Commons shines on the Conservative benches.

This being so, we may await without much misgiving the opening of that new and stirring chapter in English politics which will probably start with the preparations for the next general election. According to this calculation, once more we shall have two parties in the State—two new parties as strongly opposed as any that have been seen in

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this century; and, if so, the House of Commons will again become extremely interesting before long. Possibly the animations of the conflict may draw out a variety of "talent" on either side of which there is no present promise; and that at least will be well.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

THE great name and the illuminating ideas of Dr. IBSEN are now public property. The magazines have been full of his name and his fame; the vision of *The Doll's House* has not been wasted. Many a once-happy wife and many a not ill-contented husband have been induced to reflect on their condition. Had they any right to be so tranquil? have they not been ingloriously sacrificing themselves to each other and to their children? Dr. IBSEN's heroine made a fuss, and fled from her domicile because she had been too indulgently treated, lapped in cotton-wool, as it were, and cradled into ignominious comfort. Here is one of woman's wrongs, quite a new wrong, and a very common sort of misery. Thousands of women, awaking from their stupor, have brooded over this and left their homes. True, they are expected to return after the holidays, but mortal expectations are frequently deceived. The discomforts of seaside lodgings, the disgusts of travel, may remind them of all that they endure at home in the way of petting and pleasure. They may be braced to follow NORA HELMER's example, and not only to shut the door after them, but to slam it. This, of course, is all as it should be, and as thoughtful women would wish to have it. But what of men?—of married men? According to an ancient saw, what is sauce for the goose (like Dr. IBSEN's heroine) is sauce for the male bird also. Husbands, too, may desire to develop themselves, apart from the trammels of the family. Many a husband has long felt that he is treated as a mere doll or toy, a mere child and plaything. He has allowed himself to be called by endearing but puerile nicknames, much as the suffering NORA was named a "lark," a "squirrel," and so forth. If this be ruinous to feminine development, it is also destructive to masculine dignity and nobility of spirit. Some day or other a husband's heart will burn at being styled "Boss" (his name is ROBERT) or "TOMMY," whereas he was christened ALEXANDER. Then he will reflect that he is positively dandled and coshered like a babe in arms. The pages of his new books are not for him, as if he, forsooth, were not fit to be trusted at large with a paper-knife. He has been permitted to smoke in the drawing-room—a practice that saps the Spartan virtues at the foundation. When he has mislaid a book or paper, he has been allowed to sit and grumble till somebody found it, just as if he were a spoiled infant. When he has been sulky, soft answers have been returned to him. His wife has pretended not to like oysters, that he, the pampered and enslaved minion, may have these costly delicacies more abundantly. With hateful cruelty breakfast has been brought to him in bed when he was tired. The respected aunts of his wife have been estranged and neglected because, forsooth, they bored him. The children have been prevented from shouting all over the house that he might dwell in the quiet of an Oriental harem. His intellect has been enfeebled for lack of the bracing atmosphere of eternal contradiction. He has never been disciplined by the ceaseless remark, "Don't do this," or "Don't do that," whatever he may happen to be doing. His brain has been narrowed to the ideas of a clique, because his friends, and nobody else, have been welcomed to the house. He has not been taught to suffer and be strong, nor been compelled to take the most dismal dowager of his guests down to dinner. His wife has not chosen her women friends for their uncompromising plainness (as more earnest ladies do), her intimates have not been all over thirty years and twelve stone avoirdupois. The demoralizing partner of his existence has had jolly young ladies for friends. She has allowed him to read his letters in peace, not interrupting him with intelligence about people in whom he is not interested. She has not expected him to know all about the Browns and Smiths of her virginity. She has not scolded him for being extravagant, nor bothered him for money, nor made him go to evening parties, nor to social entertainments between four and seven. He has actually been kept ignorant of what goes on in his own house when knowledge would be irritating and useless. In fact, he has been kept in cotton-wool. His wife has not regarded

marriage as a stern and bracing discipline, as a true woman should. She has stifled his unselfishness and pampered his indolence.

After a course of IBSEN in the magazines, after Mr. ARCHER, Mr. SYMONS, Mr. LORD, Mrs. AVELING, many, many a husband must awake to a knowledge of his lost estate. *He* has been in a "Doll's House"; he has been the chief Doll. That husband has only one course before him, if the partisans of Mrs. NORA HELMER are right. We do not say that he must exhibit his new stockings to his lady friends, as Mrs. HELMER did to the gentlemen of *her* acquaintance. Such close imitation might be servile. But he must, he really must, sit down and scold his wife in good set terms, call her a stranger, denounce her system of pampering him, rush out of the house, and never come back any more. The law may call this Desertion. A fig for the law! What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

And yet it may be doubted whether, with all her provocations, man will imitate woman as she is in the gospel of IBSEN. It is hard "to kiss and clip him till he run away."

THE QUEEN IN WALES.

IN ordinary circumstances it would not be necessary to take much notice of HER MAJESTY's visit to North Wales. It is not the first by hundreds, and it may be hoped that it is far from being the last, of such visits to different parts of her dominions—visits which have been, and we trust will be always, the occasion of a genuine display of welcome from the inhabitants. The Royal progress of olden times, despite its burdensomeness, was pretty generally popular; and the Royal progress of modern times, which is not burdensome at all, is more popular still. To private persons a holiday spent in the presence of indefinite thousands would not be a very delightful thing. But those who have to say *C'est mon métier à moi d'être roi* get accustomed to it, and perhaps like it. It is certain that those whose business for their part is to be subjects seem to like their share in the amusement very well. Perhaps the only thing to be regretted in the whole matter is that the improvement in the weather, which began on Monday, did not come in time for the proceedings at Wrexham and elsewhere.

One little matter, however, differentiates this visit of the QUEEN's from most—perhaps from all—of recent years. Since the Chartist times, at any rate, there has been no whisper of disloyalty on any such occasion within the three seas (it is not easy to make out the traditional fourth in the case of a triangular island) which bound Great Britain. The recent visit to Wales will have two distinctions in history. It was remarkable for the fact of such whispers being raised—which was unfortunate. It was also—which was fortunate—remarkable for the complete rebuff given to the silly courtesy of the agitator who took upon himself to dictate to his fellow-countrymen. Because some of the neighbours of a certain Mr. GEE, of Denbigh, are expected by the law to carry to others of Mr. GEE's neighbours money which has been entrusted to them by a third set of Mr. GEE's neighbours for that purpose, and because Mr. GEE does not like the occupation of the persons thus entitled to the money, he suggested to his Nonconformist brethren that they should dissociate themselves from the welcome to the Sovereign, and is even said to have hinted that HER MAJESTY might think herself lucky if she were not hissed—a suggestion which, on the parallel of Pump's Case, a lawyer of the old school would have no great difficulty in construing into treason. We do not take things so seriously now, and the chapter of modern accident has visited the self-appointed Public Orator of Little Bethel with a punishment perhaps more annoying, if less physically painful, than lash and branding-iron, gallows and hangman's knife. Little Bethel, though too often an unluckily narrow and ill-informed place, is not such a bad place after all; and it had not the slightest intention of being rude to a lady, disloyal to a Queen, and ridiculous to a nation by obeying Mr. GEE's directions. We must wait till some one takes the trouble to translate the *Banner's* next issue before we know what the "King of Wales" (vice Sir WATKIN dethroned, we suppose), as the flatterers of an obscure provincial journalist with a certain gift of the gab term him sometimes, has to say to this. But there are certainly few occasions more annoying for a leader or would-be leader of men than when he says Go, and they go not, Come, and they come not, Do this, and they do it not.

Let it be sincerely hoped that this is not the last snub which awaits the pinchbeck particularists of this kind who have been stirred up by Mr. GLADSTONE's attempt to burn the national house in order to roast his own pig. And it will very much conduce to this happy result if a little more attention is paid to the harmless, as distinguished from the harmful, fancies of Welshmen and other local aggregations. The people who, in the words of that man of undoubted loyalty, Sir AMYAS LEIGH, would "die for the least hair of the 'QUEEN's royal head, God bless it, but could live very well till 'Doomsday without ever setting eyes thereon," may laugh at those of a contrary way of thinking. But it takes all sorts of men to make a kingdom as well as a world. And the art of kingcraft depends upon nothing so much as upon consulting, within proper limits, the tastes of all these sorts.

HAYTI.

"EST-ce que vous prenez ces gens au sérieux?" was the question put by a French diplomatist to Sir SPENCER ST. JOHN, after some solemn function in Hayti. Sir SPENCER seems to have found the question difficult to answer in the affirmative. It is very hard, in fact, to take Hayti seriously. The revolutions of that remarkable State always seem to suggest the performance of the Badians who got into trouble at a certain Dignity ball with Lieutenant TERENCE O'BRIEN. There are, to be sure, reasons why this view should be a trifle inadequate. White races have given instances of revolutions not more intelligible than those which periodically convulse what was once a great French colony. Then these obscure shindies have some gravity for the foreign traders who have business to conduct and property to lose in the midst of the black apes of white follies. English, French, and American war-ships have a good deal of work thrown on them by the strife of Count MARMALADE with Baron LEMONADE, or of the successors of the nobles who gathered round the throne of His Majesty FAUSTIN I. For such reasons we cannot afford to treat these chronic rows with entire indifference. If they could be considered in themselves they would be altogether comic. There is about them an air, as it were, of niggers out for a holiday—gibbering, dancing, grimacing, or butting one another, when spluttering drunk, with their woolly heads. Such things would be purely laughable, whenever they did not get bestial enough to become disgusting, if it were not, as we have already said, that the interests of a few civilized human beings were concerned in them.

The last uproar, which has ended in inflicting the society of General LÉGITIME on the officers of a French man-of-war, is as unintelligible as its forerunners. What were he and General HIPPOLYTE fighting for? Probably for the control of the spigot of such taxation as there is in Hayti. One savage in a flashy French uniform has got the better of another, and that is all as far as they are concerned. But there are other people concerned more or less closely, and as regards their share something is to be said. What are the white civilizations immediately around it to do with this resurrection in the New World of the lowest kind of African savagery? It is not a clean martial manly barbarism, such as we have had to shatter in Zululand—the best the black man has ever done for himself. It is a dirty, cowardly, and wilfully bestially ferocious barbarism of the Lower Congo kind. There is Voodooism, the worship of the serpent, cannibalism, and filthy cruelty in abundance among it, and a foul, squalid satisfaction with idle barbarism. A more amusing spectacle to the disinterested onlooker who has been sickened by "jaw" about the ennobling influences of freedom could not have been imagined by the most cynical satirist. Here are a people who have been slaves and who are free, who have acquired as much of a European language as enables them to chatter the formulas of European speculators to all lengths and breadths. At the end of it all they have almost completely reverted to the condition of their naked ancestors who were marched on board the slave ships by those other ancestors of theirs who were clothed in a flint-lock musket, a cocked hat, and a bottle of rum. Whatever there is in them which is not Congo savage is what was flogged into them by the French planters, the most ferocious slave-masters ever seen. The only use they have made of their freedom has been to return to their starting-point—and to return a little spoilt. It would be absurd to compare what they have

done in their seventy years of freedom with the history, say, of the kingdom of Uganda. In Uganda, at least, there has been some kind of stability, a code of laws of a sort, an established dynasty, some approach to coherence and order. In Hayti there has been nothing but endless butting matches between Count MARMALADE and Baron LEMONADE, General LÉGITIME and General HIPPOLYTE. The end of it all will be curious to see, for the question we put above must be answered some day—not at once, perhaps, but sooner or later. To England and France it does not perhaps much matter. All they can have to do is to send a punitive expedition under the provocation of some particularly outrageous piece of robbery. But for the United States it has a peculiar interest. Hayti is the finished and full-blown example of what emancipation accompanied with enfranchisement has prepared for the Southern States. The Ku-Klux and the known readiness of the Southerners to shoot have hitherto assisted the ennobling influences of freedom; but even they, though they may keep General LÉGITIME and General HIPPOLYTE at their proper work of cane-cutting, cotton-picking, and tobacco-drying, cannot make them civilizable beings. How this is to be done, and what will be the consequences of, first, not doing it, and, secondly, not removing the unteachable savage whom they have armed with a vote, are problems which the United States may consider. In the meantime they may fix a thoughtful eye on the Republic of Hayti.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

IT would scarcely be fair to quarrel with Mr. BRADLAUGH for repeating the old and, in a way, sound commonplace about the lateness and scantiness of the attention which the House of Commons gives to the chief recognized discussion of Indian affairs. As in the case of other commonplaces, there is a great deal to be said on both sides. If the measure of time and attention were taken as the measure of the importance, according to the best part of the opinion of the House, of the subject; if it were taken as the deliberate judgment of that House that Mr. O'BRIEN's breeches, or Mr. CONYBEARE's entomological experiences, or the ineffable brutality of Mr. BALFOUR deserved days of talk, while the Empire of India deserves minutes, then things would certainly be very wrong indeed. But this is notoriously not the case. And, on the other hand, it is the case that matters, especially matters affecting colonies and dependencies, have not invariably gone the better in proportion as the House of Commons, and especially the House of Commons as it has been latterly constituted, has spent more time on them. There are other occasions on which the affairs of India can come and do come under cognizance; the details of this particular statement are always known long before to any one who cares to inquire about them; and few things can be imagined at once more lugubrious and less profitable than a field-night occupied by the regular Indian bore and the regular Radical faddist. It should be remembered that it was a discussion in the House of Commons which not many months ago resulted in immensely increasing the number of men in the Indian army laid up with loathsome diseases.

There was and could be little that is new in the jeremiads of Mr. BRADLAUGH, of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, and of that latest scourge of the House of Commons, Mr. MACNEILL, and there could not be much more novelty in the apologetics of Sir JOHN GORST and Sir RICHARD TEMPLE and the rest. When Mr. MACNEILL talked about India being "administered for the benefit of English middle-class families" (it used to be the English aristocracy, and the one was as true as the other) he talked nonsense, which ought to earn him high promotion in the Parnellite party. But Mr. MACNEILL is an honest kind of nonsense-maker (this, it is true, might interfere with the promotion we have suggested), and, as in the case of all honest nonsense-makers, there lay behind the falsehood which his folly taught him a modicum of truth. The yearly history of the financial state of India is the most signal example known, or ever likely to be known, to man of a stupendous and almost, if not quite, successful wrestling with the facts of the universe. No Oriental people is nowadays rich enough to afford the kind of administration which Western nations think necessary. Some European nations attempt the problem, and meet with endless deficits; some boldly or indolently decline to attempt it, and rub along in a kind of compromise between native and European methods, or

(in perhaps the single instance of the Dutch) try native methods almost purely, and make a handsome profit. We, with endless groanings and the expenditure of all our experience and wits, just manage it, as a rule, and only just. Until quite recently we neglected everything else to do it. Luckily of late, indeed of the latest, years the first need of India, that of defence against invaders, has for the first time been cared for. But this has necessarily thrown heavy expenses on her, the arrangements of our Constitution unfortunately not allowing the expense to be put, according to the ingenious suggestion of one of Mr. BRADLAUGH's colleagues in another matter, upon the statesmen who might have anticipated the danger and did not. But the need has been or is being met, and India is not crushed. If the taxation seems to bear hardly on articles which European custom exempts, it must be remembered that there is little else to tax. And perhaps unexpected comfort may be received from the perusal of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, who is not generally regarded as a comfortable man. If so determined a grumbler and one so intimately acquainted with his subject can find nothing worse to complain of than Sir GEORGE found, things cannot be so very bad after all.

THE LAST OF THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

IT seems to have been the desire of the Admiralty that the Naval Manoeuvres should end in perfecting whatever has been most absurd about them. If that was the intention of my Lords, it was most effectually carried out by Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's answer to Sir G. CAMPBELL last Tuesday. The FIRST LORD was asked whether naval officers were to be encouraged to revive "the old practice of laying 'towns in ashes," and whether he would not consider "the expediency of introducing into modern warfare the more merciful rules that prevail in land warfare." To this Lord GEORGE replied that he had heard of indemnities being demanded under threats, and thought it a practice which ought to be given up. It appears, then, that seaports are to be visited, and surrender or indemnities demanded without the threats—which would be precisely the perfection of absurdity. Saving the reverence of Sir G. CAMPBELL, indemnities are demanded in land war with threats, as the FIRST LORD told him. If they were not, they most assuredly would not be paid. One does not pay indemnities for love of the enemy's *beaux yeux*, but for fear of worse. But they are demanded by a force which has won all along the line, and is in no fear of retaliation. Their absurdity in the manoeuvres lies in this, that no Power would scatter its ships along an enemy's coast, where they might be crushed, for no more sane purpose than to provoke reprisals by proceedings imitated apparently from the illustrious MORGAN. War is not made, except among savages who cannot reason, by burning outlying villages and looting small towns. Civilized peoples know the danger of being caught when scattered by a united enemy a great deal too well, and they begin by breaking up the enemy's fighting forces and capturing his arsenals. Then they levy indemnities at their leisure. In our manoeuvres, however, the rule seems to be to begin where the real thing leaves off.

The other lessons of these manoeuvres are more valuable than the demonstration of the great truth that, if you have to deal with a people as defenceless as the Spaniards were in Central America, you can do what the buccaneers did at Panama. The greatest, the most fruitful, and withal the most exasperating, of the truths they have served to enforce is the unhappy state of officers and men doomed to fight in and with instruments invented by the scientific mind, which remembers everything except human nature. When all is said and done, ships are meant to be guided across the sea and guns to be used in action by men. If officers and crews cannot live with something like the security and comfort of a convict, they break down. If guns cannot be moved by the arms of gunners when their machinery gets out of gear, then they are no more use than so many quakers. Now it seems to have been the cherished aim of shipbuilders to construct vessels, big and little, which are absolutely uninhabitable in bad weather. We hear of battle-ships which are all awash whenever they get into a capful of wind, so that the men have to be kept down below till they choke in the fetid air, and of little ships in which you can neither sit nor stand, walk or lie down, eat or sleep, till on the third day madness seems imminent. Scientifically they are

beautiful; only unfortunately a special superhuman race, combining the qualities of the skilled artificer, the fish, the bat, and the dormouse, are required to handle them. The breakdown of the *Aegeon's* electrical firing gear shows what might be the fate of men dependent at a crisis on machinery. When she took Aberdeen, as they call it, she could not have fired so much as a blank cartridge out of her great guns. Thanks to Mr. WILLIAM CAIUS CRUTCHLEY, Lieutenant R.N.R. and master of the s.s. *Kaikoura*, we have also had an opportunity of seeing what capture of a merchant steamer means in manoeuvres. The *Kaikoura* sighted the *Arethusa* eight miles off, and bore down to have a look at her. When she was a mile off she was told she was captured, and thereupon steamed off at moderate speed, followed by the *Arethusa*, which did not gain a yard. On the very reasonable grounds that in wartime he would not be quite fool enough to bear down on a war-ship till he knew she was a friend, and that, if the *Arethusa* was to have taken him she should have done it on her own merits, Captain CAIUS CRUTCHLEY refused to consider himself captured. We hold him to have been thoroughly right in his view—but, then, what is the value of all these captures of merchant ships by the A fleet and the B fleet? What, indeed, has been the strategical and tactical value of the manoeuvres at all? Unless they are to become as idle as ever can have been the drillground practice of troops on shore, it is time that this question was thoroughly thought out. Admiral BAIRD's very instructive order containing his late plan of campaign would supply the text.

LORD ADDINGTON.

ONE more of a rapidly diminishing class of public men has been added to the majority in the person of Lord ADDINGTON, or (for, as in the case of other new-made peers, it seems more natural to call him so) Mr. HUBBARD. To his private friends the loss will be very considerable, though a man who had reached the age of eighty-four hardly has many left of those friends who feel such a loss most acutely. But even to those who did not know Mr. HUBBARD personally, and who may never have thought of him as a very important politician, his death should be the occasion of a somewhat special regret. For he was, as has been said, a member, and in a way a representative member, of a class which, as its members die off, is by no means being filled up in the same proportion with new men. No one, probably, would have selected Mr. HUBBARD during any part of the long period when he still bore that name as a politician of very extraordinary ability. He did not even enter Parliament very early, and he meddled comparatively little with what are specially called politics, though he was a staunch Conservative. Nor did he, as some men do when they get into Parliament, take up some crotchet which has nothing to do with their own knowledge and experience. The subjects with which Mr. HUBBARD's name was generally connected were mostly subjects with which he was almost as professionally qualified to deal as a lawyer with legal matters; and subjects on which, it may be added, his professional knowledge did not pass—as professional knowledge often does—into professional prejudice. His views on the Corn Laws were not those which prevailed; but he did not enter Parliament till the question had been settled for some years. His views on the currency were less crotchety than those of most persons who venture upon that proverbially dangerous subject, and may be said to have proceeded from the soundest possible standpoint—the standpoint that, whatever you may choose to say, you never can make fifteen shillings worth a sovereign, or buy a sovereign for fifteen shillings. He was one of the staunchest lay supporters of the Church of England and of religious education—indeed, there was in these respects no more prominent member of the House of Commons during the last thirty years, except the late MR. BERESFORD HOPE. But the subject with which Mr. HUBBARD's name was most closely connected—the Income-tax—illustrated best of all the value of his services and of the services of men like him. He did not get his way; and the best and most impartial opinion has always been divided on the question whether it would be well that his scheme, or something like it, should be adopted. But it was and is noticeable, in the first place, that that scheme was as far as possible from being the scheme of a rich man who wants riches to escape taxation, and, in the second, that it was the scheme of a man practically acquainted with business and finance.

It must be admitted that the prospects of new men of this kind appearing in the House of Commons are not very good. That the best class of men of business are as impartial, as cool-headed, as ready to devote their talents, if not their genius, to the service of the State as ever is a comfortable belief which we should be sorry to discourage. Let those who hold that the standard of general morality and public spirit "in the City," at least the highest part of the City, has not improved of late be regarded if anybody pleases as merely specimens of the usual croaker. But, whether there are or are not men of this kind ready for the constituencies, it is, unfortunately, but too certain that the constituents are less ready than they were for such men. It may be that this is only another instance of the general law of change; but that does not make it less a fact. "We never know the value of a thing till we are going to lose it in six weeks," said somebody. And it may be very much feared that the class of politician of which Lord ADDINGTON was a sterling, if not a brilliant, example is in danger of such a tardy realization of its merits.

THE REVOLVER AT HOME AND ABROAD.

LAST month the House of Lords ordered a return to be prepared of the laws and regulations in European countries with regard to the carrying of arms by private persons in populous places. Lord SALISBURY at once addressed a Circular to HER MAJESTY's representatives on the Continent, and their replies have now been published in the form of a Parliamentary Paper, which shows that we enjoy a proud pre-eminence, at least on this side of the Atlantic, in the privilege of bearing weapons without serving in the wars. The history of legislation on the subject in France is curious and amusing. It seems that in 1885 the manufacture and sale of arms, not being of the regulation pattern for the army and navy, was made free. Thereupon it was assumed by a nation of duellists that they might go with pistols in their pockets as much as they pleased. But in so reasoning our Gallic fire-eaters reckoned without their Courts of Appeal. These tribunals, first at Paris and afterwards at Nîmes, held that a Frenchman may indeed now make arms, and sell them, and buy them, and keep them as much as he likes, but that he has no more right to appear with them in public than he had before. Accordingly, he is remitted to a variety of prohibitory enactments, of which the foundation is a decree issued by LOUIS XV. in 1728. In this document the King of France and Navarre strictly forbade the use of "daggers, knives in form of daggers, whether pocket-knives or knives attached to guns, bayonets, pocket-pistols, sword-sticks, loaded canes, with the exception of those which are merely bound with iron at the end, and other weapons of offence, concealed and secret." The first NAPOLEON in 1806, LOUIS PHILIPPE in 1834 and 1837, and the third NAPOLEON in 1859, substantially confirmed the ordinance of the Well-beloved. It was not Lord LYTTON's business to inquire how far the law is enforced by the Republic. But the judgments to which we have already referred show that it is not a dead letter. In Germany there appears to be a good deal more freedom in procuring and employing means of offence. No one in Prussia may appear armed at a meeting, with the thoroughly German exception of the police. But the ordinary law is now contained in the Imperial statute of 1878, which was passed after NOBILING's attempt upon the life of the late Emperor WILLIAM, and which enables the Federal Council to punish even the possession of arms "when the movements of the Social Democrats are attended with danger to the public peace."

In Russia they do things with a sweet simplicity which may well be the envy of surrounding nations. The sceptical philosophers who doubt whether the caprice of a despot can be regarded as law may be invited to study and to dissect the following sentence from Consul MICHELL's Report:—"According to the laws of the Russian Empire, the carrying of weapons of every description in populous places by all unauthorized persons is unconditionally prohibited." Of course the CZAR may authorize anybody to do anything, and there perhaps lies the blot which a disciple of AUSTIN would hit. But in Russia they would at least make short work of the fools who brandish revolvers in the streets, and of the respectable tradesmen who sell pistols to schoolboys at the rate of five shillings apiece. Even in Turkey the law is strict, and indeed comprehensive, in its terms. But

Sir WILLIAM WHITE feels himself compelled to add that "the regulations are not carried out in their entirety, though many police officers are fairly vigilant in the matter." The newer and less settled States of Europe occupy, of course, a peculiar position. In Bulgaria, indeed, "every one who wishes to travel armed must have a permit." But in Montenegro things are very different. That little Principality is, as Mr. WALTER BARING says, a nation of soldiers. Every man goes armed to the teeth, and any one to whom a rifle has been served out must carry it he wanders more than a short specified distance from his home. Mr. BARING does not take a gloomy view of this free military display. He cannot say that it "really tends to inconvenience." "If," he cheerfully observes, "a Montenegrin has a six-barrelled revolver in his belt, he knows that his neighbour is similarly provided. Consequently, it may be said that all start fair." Even in Montenegro, however, there is not absolutely free shooting. "Of late years restrictions have been placed on the indiscriminate firing of pistols in towns at certain seasons, but the rules are not very strictly observed." It only remains to add that licences for carrying arms are required in Italy, Greece, and Spain.

TECHNICAL OBSTRUCTION.

THE third reading of the Technical Instruction Bill in the House of Commons was only achieved on Thursday morning, after repeated attempts on the part of an exceedingly small section of Radical members to impede the passing of a measure supported by a very large majority; and, if the House of Lords had not shown its usual good sense, a very useful measure might have been delayed. Technical instruction may be dear to Mr. PICTON and Mr. CHANNING, but technical obstruction appears to be something dearer. As amended Sir W. HART DYKE's Bill embodies an admirable settlement of the chief source of contention between the adherents of the Voluntary system and the Board schools. It invests the "local authority," a body necessarily representative of all parties, with the power of levying rates for purposes of technical education. On the second reading of the Bill this compromise was accepted by the majority of both sides of the House, and was further strengthened by the adoption of Mr. MATHER's amendment by the Government. The "conscience clause" introduced is far-reaching enough to satisfy what are somewhat ironically called the religious scruples of everybody not entirely enslaved by the narrowest sectarian jealousy. But this was not enough for Mr. CHANNING or Mr. PICTON, or the dozen other friends of education, who for "local authority" in the first clause of the Bill would substitute "School Board." The injustice of Mr. CHANNING's amendment is almost transcended by its absurdity, and it is satisfactory to see that it was defeated by eighty votes to twenty-six. The aims of the opponents to the measure were only too clearly revealed all through the three nights' debate. It was, as Mr. A. O'CONNOR said, a "School-Board Opposition." Mr. CHANNING struck at the sound representative character of the Bill by an amendment that would give the School Boards the monopoly of providing technical education. There is no ground whatever, as members of their own party assured them, for the fears expressed by Mr. CHANNING and his friends, that the Bill favoured unduly any one educational party. Their opposition was one of the worst examples of obstruction the Session has yielded, and the record of it will make the country sick as well as sorry—as Mr. GOSCHEN suggested when referring to the tactics of Mr. PICTON. At the very beginning of proceedings on Monday this ardent advocate of technical education moved to report progress, and was supported on a division by only eighteen to ninety. It was in vain that Mr. PICTON was appealed to by his own party not to waste the time of the House, and to accept the good a wicked Tory Government had provided. The member for Leicester was incorrigible, and he remained so to the end. Five pages of amendments, not one-third of which affected the spirit of the Bill, and the prospect, subsequently completely realized, of numerous motions for the insertion of new clauses, could not deter Mr. PICTON. Time was precious, and the opportunity for wasting it not less precious. Naturally enough the example was contagious. After two divisions on amendments, Sir WILFRID LAWSON again moved to report progress, and was defeated by ninety-two to twenty-one, and the discussion of Clause 1 dragged

heavily till extinguished by the 12 o'clock rule. On Tuesday it again occurred to Mr. PICTON, after a manly and forcible appeal by Mr. GOSCHEN to common sense and common decency, that the best thing he could do, as a friend of education, was to report progress. On this occasion his following was reduced to fifteen, and the subsequent musters of the Opposition, dividing on amendments either frivolous or notoriously obstructive, were equally insignificant. The success of the Government, thoroughly deserved, no doubt, was largely due to the tact and firmness shown by Mr. GOSCHEN and Sir W. HART DYKE, and the extremely scant support accorded to the leading obstructionists by their own party.

Possibly, also, the majority of Liberal and Nonconformist members felt they would risk too much by opposing legislation which they knew to be both popular and opportune. They were little likely to be misled by the testimonials in the form of School Board resolutions from Leeds and Spalding, from Manchester and Bradford, in condemnation of the Bill, which certain members considered weighty enough to justify tactics however paltry and opposition however fanatical. Perhaps even the Opposition, excepting always Mr. PICTON, firm seated in the affections of enlightened Leicester, may have been somewhat shaken by Mr. McLAREN's opinion that the existing Parliament would not pass a better Bill. It is also likely enough that they may have been visited with uncomfortable visions of unfriendly constituencies. School Board resolutions, after all, have little meaning, however strongly they be worded. They may readily be unmade at the next election by a disgusted constituency. There is an excellent prospect, indeed, considering the widespread and genuine demand for technical education in the country, that the attempt to wreck a measure which received the assent of so large a majority of all classes of politicians will not be forgotten by true and enlightened friends of education. Everything was done in the way of legitimate concession by the Government to facilitate the passing of the Bill. It may even be thought by many that, in their laudable anxiety to carry the measures, they went a little too far in conceding one or two points. On the whole, however, the Government are to be congratulated on the Bill. Some years have elapsed since the House resolved that a national scheme of Technical Instruction was desirable, and a great impulse was thus given to the endowment and building of Technical Institutes in various parts of the country. The success of schools of manual training in America and elsewhere has stimulated similar enterprises in England. If it had not been for the obstacles created by the bitter opponents of the "Voluntary" system, who magnify the "religious difficulties" that beset the question of rate-aided education, a measure of Technical Instruction might have become law before now. Sir W. HART DYKE's is the third Bill dealing with this important subject framed during the present Session. Like many useful Acts, it is based on compromise, which, though it cannot cause "educationists" to cease from rage and from imagining many vain things, is substantially sound and well considered. Another merit of the Bill is the broad and comprehensive definition of Technical Instruction comprised in its fifth clause, by which all descriptions of industrial workers, not excluding agricultural labourers, are included in the benefits it is hoped will ensue from its operation.

THE LATEST MARE'S-NEST.

THE last Irish debates of the Session have had some interest, though not quite so much as some newspapers—with the MAYBRICK case gone, the naval manoeuvres over, and the strike (as the great American language would say) "weakening"—endeavour to make out. Mr. SHALOONY and Mr. MCSHEENEY—we beg pardon, Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. GILHOOLY—have gone to BALFOUR's Bastille, after protesting that no living advocate should represent them, and then being represented by Mr. HARRINGTON, after blustering in the usual manner, and after failing to excite any interest abroad or much at home. The head tyrant of the Bastille has observed, in his ambiguous manner, that there can be no fear of Mr. O'BRIEN's little weaknesses not being attended to, because the gaol doctors are so thoroughly acquainted with his constitution—a harmless remark, but one not ill suited toadden an Irishman who has a dim idea of its bearing. Mr. SEXTON, upon whom Mr. BALFOUR has also bestowed compliments, has distinguished himself by complaining—as, perhaps, no mortal being but an Irish

member of Parliament or a Parisian municipal would complain—that Archbishop WHATELY is allowed from his grave to corrupt Irish youth and distort the true principles of "rent" by teaching that, if a landlord retains his property, but is not allowed to let it freely, he will cultivate it himself. But the event of the week—some would have us believe of the Session—has undoubtedly been the CHIEF SECRETARY's half promise of something like concurrent endowment to a Roman Catholic University in Ireland—a half promise which was received with smiles by the Parnellites, with shrieks by the Radicals, with solemn head-shakings by some wiseacres, and with cries of "Tory 'Home Rule' by others.

The incident and its consequences are not uninstructive; but their instruction goes in a different direction from that in which the shriekers look. There is nothing terrible in such an endowment as appears to be proposed or foreshadowed here either to Toryism or to reason; and assuredly there is nothing that savours less of Home Rule. On the contrary, the measure is exactly the sort of thing which a strong central Government, and a strong central Government only, can give to a country where the jealousy of parties is so keen that neither is likely to concede it to the other. It is not a good thing, no doubt, that those who are imbibing the highest education of a country should be penned up into little sects and divisions, each with its feeding-bottle, instead of sucking the kindly breasts of one Alma Mater in company and in peace. But they will not do this in Ireland, and there's an end of it. For this being impossible, the only other alternative—the alternative which the English Radicals prefer—is the system of rigid secular education which is leading to the same disastrous and iniquitous results in Victoria and in Paris—the system which degrades toleration into the most odious intolerance, and under the name of comprehension excludes with the rigour of the *Index*. There will be much to say when the details of any Government proposal of the kind are known. For the present the vague outlines of the proposal are not in themselves matter either for congratulation or for censure. But what is really interesting, of course, is not the proposal itself, but the prospect of a new split in the Gladstonian-Parnellite party. Mr. WALLACE and Mr. RONERTSON, who threatened this, are not very important persons; but there is a considerable fraction of the Radical party which really cares nothing at all for Home Rule, while it cares very much for its own pet aversions to such things as "denominational education." It has again and again been observed by all competent critics of politics that there is no real union between the Parnellites and the Gladstonians, and it evidently needs but little to bring this out more fully. Meanwhile, the taunt about governing Ireland by Irish ideas is even sillier than most such taunts. So long as the Irish ideas are unobjectionable in themselves, and so long as it is the Government of Great Britain and Ireland, and not a party in Ireland itself, which governs by them, no one that we know of, except the English Radicals, wants to govern Ireland by any others. The supposition that Irish ideas necessarily include, and hardly extend further than, the abrogation of the sixth, eighth, ninth, and tenth Commandments, and the establishment of an impracticable Dualism, may be left to those English friends of Ireland who choose to entertain it.

THE SESSION.

THE Session, which has ended later than was hoped this week, has been mainly complained of because, unlike most of those of recent years, it has approximated to what a Session ought to be—businesslike, and free from disturbance. In this as in some other cases virtue has been found to be dull. The training of the last nine years has apparently formed a strong taste for political stimulants, and there are many palates which do not feel at all unless they are supplied with exceedingly pungent food. To these critics, who prove the truth of Sir Henry Maine's theory that constitutional government is largely valued because it is the most amusing of all methods of conducting national business, the Session has given but little gratification. What excitement there was at the beginning—and it was but little—was supplied by one of those Irish debates which are becoming stale beyond the power of words to describe to everybody except Irish members, and somewhat tiresome even to them, to judge by their general languor during the last six months. At the end some stir was caused, first, by the ferment set going in the Opposition against the vote for the Prince of Wales's children; then by a very gratuitous

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check which the Ministry brought upon itself, and then by the spasmodic exertions of the Irish members, stirred into activity by a whip applied by the Nationalist press. Even this triple alarm failed to rouse the Opposition to complete wakefulness. The central bulk of the Session, devoted to a National Defence Bill which was too popular to be safely opposed with energy, and Scotch Bills which were wisely left to Scotch members, had sunk them too deeply into slumber.

One memorable event of Parliamentary history has, however, been contemporary with the Session—the death on the 27th of March of Mr. John Bright. Since Mr. Bright did his last and his greatest service to his country by throwing his powerful moral influence on to the Unionist side he had taken little active part in political life. His health made it impossible for him to exercise his unrivalled oratorical faculty as he would certainly have wished to have done. When he intervened it had lately been by means of those letters of inimitable laconic force which are in form the most valuable, and in substance not the least valuable, part of the Unionist controversy. While he lived, however, his reputation, his influence in the country, and his personality weighed heavily on the House of Commons. By his death it was made the poorer by the loss of the name of one who had formed a unique place for himself among Englishmen. The House did itself honour by recording its loss in a manner worthy of the most generous traditions of Parliamentary warfare. Men of all parties spoke as they should have done of a member who, though closely limited, was within his limitations a statesman of commanding ability, of stainless sincerity, and the possessor, in a degree to which none of his contemporaries did more than approach, of that oratorical faculty which is such a magnificent instrument of power in a country governed largely by discussion. For that one night of the Session at least the House of Commons was all the most severe judge could have asked it to be.

The Queen's Speech, with which the Ministry met Parliament on the 21st of February, did not indicate any intention to attempt to carry a large list of measures. A Bill to provide for making a serious addition to the navy during a series of years, Scotch Local Government and Irish Industrial Bills, Bills to facilitate land transfer and the collection of tithes, and a Bill to effect a recoinage of gold, made up a list of measures which it was not unreasonably hoped an industrious Parliament might carry in a normal Session. Experience has shown that the hope was too complimentary to the Houses, and some of these Bills have been lost, or have not even struggled far enough to secure the distinction of being killed in a regular way. The Session began very well. The debate on the Queen's Speech was not dragged to more than twice the necessary length. Mr. John Morley did indeed move an amendment on the 25th of February condemning in the well-known way the whole administration of Ireland, but though the incident of the Pigott letters, then fresh and now as good as forgotten, seemed to be in his favour, the debate fell flat. Mr. Morley's speech was notable, first, for his obvious belief that the discovery of one Irishman's forgery and clumsy mendacity was an argument in favour of other Irishmen once his friends and patrons; and, secondly, for his assertion of the doctrine that the bad management which led to the murder of Inspector Martin at the arrest of Father McFadden entailed on the Government a moral complicity in the murder. The theory would seem to be that whoever does not sufficiently guard the Irish against their unfortunate tendency to brutal murder is a sharer in their guilt. After lingering till the 1st of March, the debate ended in a majority of 79 for the Ministry. The Pigott letters and their remarkable history belong to the Special Commission, with which we have happily nothing to do here; but they led to one Parliamentary scene which is too typical to be omitted. On the 22nd of March the Separatist Opposition thought fit to make an attack on Sir Richard Webster for his conduct as counsel for the *Times*. This attack was made in a manner for which Sir Richard had some reason to feel thankful. The question whether he had not remembered too much that he is a lawyer and too little that, as Attorney-General, he is also a politician and a man of the world, was entirely overlaid by acrid personalities and attacks on his professional conduct. Sir Richard Webster defended himself against the first, and the unanimous verdict of his profession has defended him against the second. A comic element was introduced into the debate by the perplexity of the Separatist lawyers, who found themselves between the devil of the Caucus and the deep sea of professional loyalty. Their efforts to escape, either by logic-chopping, for which they were laughed at, or by running away, for which they were soundly trounced by their employers, brought a large element of farce into an episode which would otherwise only have been vulgar in a stupid way.

In spite of delays of this kind the Session began fairly well. In March, it is true, we were threatened with great solemnity. Those Radicals who have uneasy qualms when they look forward to the day when Mr. Gladstone will no longer be there to cover their natural exiguity with his umbrella, formed a party, with tellers and everything handsome about it, and with Mr. Henry Labouchere as leader. They announced, with the vehemence of a fiend in a pantomime, that they were going to torture the Ministry in a very dreadful manner. Everything was to be stopped by debate and the resources of obstruction till a Cabinet which had forfeited all right to confidence had been driven to surrender to the fifty odd Radical members who were quite sure they had the country in their pockets. All this terrible parade was followed by an almost nervous anxiety to keep the peace; and, when the new

Radical party did take its coat off, it was for the purpose of wrestling a throw with its own late revered leader Mr. Gladstone. In the meantime the Ministry attended to business.

Lord George Hamilton's Naval Defence Bill was introduced on the 7th of March. He asked Parliament for 21,500,000^l, to be spent in seven years. During this time the Admiralty, being in this way made sure of its grants and able to look ahead, will undertake, in addition to the rearming, refitting, and adapting to modern conditions of older vessels, the construction of seventy new ones. This addition to the existing fleet is to consist of seventy vessels—eight first-class and two second-class battleships, and sixty cruisers, ranging from powerful boats of 7,300 tons to torpedo gunboats of 735 tons. Though this proposed increase of the navy is hardly a fourth of what experts had repeatedly declared to be the necessary minimum, it was received by them and by the country as sufficient. Admirals who had publicly declared that at least forty battle-ships and two hundred cruisers would be required to enable the navy even to approximate to the adequate discharge of its duties in war, expressed themselves satisfied with the scheme of the First Lord of the Admiralty, and hastened to say so in the most emphatic manner. The country was not more exacting than its admirals; and the House of Commons was satisfied with what pleased the country. It was from the first clear that Lord George Hamilton's demand for 21,500,000^l in seven years would be granted. If there was any doubt whether the money would be spent exactly as he promised, or produce just that number of ships—and for different reasons there was, and is, doubt on both these points—it was at least certain that the grant would lead to a necessary and material addition to the navy. The resistance to the Bill on the part of the regular Opposition was never more than half-hearted. The merely fanatical or obstructive opposition represented by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Illingworth, or Mr. Henry Labouchere was energetic enough. These politicians employed a good deal of time in explaining that the surest way of avoiding fighting is to be unarmed, and to run away—that the nation's money is too sacred to be spent on the nation's business—or that a powerful fleet would probably be used by Tory peers to oppress the cause of human freedom. In addition to mere chatter of this kind—the folly which the House of Commons endures as the price to be paid for the security that no opinion shall be suppressed—there was no serious opposition to the Bill. Some politicians, among whom Lord Randolph Churchill found himself in the course of his devious movements, affected great fear lest the House of Commons, by voting—as it had often done before—a sum of money for a term of years, should be thought to have weakened its control over the national expenditure. To say that these fears were removed by the arguments or assurances of the Government would be absurd—for the sufficient reason that they were only assumed for purposes of business, and neither force nor logic can remove that which does not exist. If, however, there were any persons in the country who seriously thought that Parliament could part with its control over the national expenditure, could bind itself in future Sessions, or could bind its successors at any time, their fears should have been removed by Mr. Goschen. That the time of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and of the House should have been wasted in demonstrating a self-evident proposition is a sufficient indication of the character of the opposition to the Naval Defence Bill. A great many words, and not a little time, had to be wasted in assuring the House of Commons that it could not cease to be the House of Commons. Nobody except the fanatics denied that the navy required to be strengthened or asserted that the First Lord of the Admiralty was asking for too much. The Bill might have been dismissed in a week. As a matter of fact, however, it was only read for the second time by a majority of 141 in a house of 413 on the 7th of May. After that its progress was rapid.

The Scotch Local Government and University Bills, which with the Naval Defence Bill represent the substantial work of the Session, were introduced early in April by the Lord Advocate. An attempt, in which there was more than one element of absurdity, was made to discount the Government's measures by Dr. Clark, who moved that the alleged neglect of Scotch business could only be corrected by Scotch Home Rule. This effort to turn the House from the discussion of practical benefits for Scotland to the consideration of a revolutionary measure, which could only have stopped all other legislation, was not well received by the Scotch members themselves, and was rebuked by Mr. Gladstone, who found it premature. Mr. Robertson, the Lord Advocate, was allowed to continue the work of giving Scotland that control over purely local affairs which Dr. Clark held to be impossible without a disruption of the national unity. The Local Government Bills were three in number—one main one and two subordinates. The first establishes County Councils, which will possess the powers and do the work of the old Commissioners of Supply (the body corresponding to English Quarter Sessions), and which will be elected by the ratepayers for three years. This body will contain no members answering to the aldermen of English Councils, and its *ex-officio* members will be the Lord Lieutenant, the Sheriff, and the Convenor of the Commissioners of Supply. The country gentlemen are protected from injustice in the imposition of rates, and the police are left where they are at present, according to the very efficient Scotch system, under the control of the Sheriff. The subsidiary Bills provided for the reorganization of the Parochial Boards—a matter which not even a Scotchman can understand without laborious

[August 31, 1889.]

previous training—and the formation of special Committees, to consist of one Scotch judge and two assessors, to whom all private Bills for Scotland shall be referred after the second reading in the House of Commons, and at whose recommendation they are to be read for the third time. The Local Government Bill ran its prosperous course during the latter part of June, after the withdrawal of the Sugar Convention Bill, and in the course of July, when the rapidity and ease with which business advanced in the House aroused feeling of pleased surprise after so many years' experience of a very different state of things. The explanation of this novelty was simple. It was felt that when Scotchmen applied themselves to their own business, they would stick to business, and there was little temptation or desire on the part of members representing other portions of the kingdom to interfere in what interested Scotchmen and what Scotchmen were alone able to discuss adequately. The University Bill ran its course by the side of the Local Government Bill. It establishes Courts in each University and a Scotch University Committee of Privy Council to which the government of these bodies will belong. In two respects the Government has not satisfied all critics in Scotland. It has not entirely abolished tests, but has only appointed a Committee to inquire into and report on their complete abolition, and it has not shown as much generosity in the matter of grants of money as was thought desirable.

An infinitely greater amount of feeling was aroused by the Royal Grants Bill. The announcement, towards the end of June, that the Queen and the Prince of Wales had approved of the engagement of the Princess Louise of Wales to the Earl (now Duke) of Fife at once stirred up the unmannerly opposition which is always made to any grants to the members of the Royal Family. It was certain that a vote would be asked for the Princess, and equally certain that it would be given; but it was also only too certain that an ungracious opposition would be offered. The Ministry was becomingly anxious to avoid a vulgar wrangle to the utmost of its power, and endeavoured to disarm all that part of the Opposition which could be induced to show some regard for the character of the House of Commons. It was not wholly unsuccessful. When, on the 2nd of July, Mr. Smith moved for leave to introduce the Grant Bill to provide for the eldest son and daughter of the Prince of Wales, he was met by the demand on the part of the Opposition for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the whole question of Royal grants. It is undeniable that this Committee had been promised by both parties on previous occasions. This was, however, neither a seemly nor a convenient opportunity for its appointment. But, as the Opposition was resolute, and the subsection of the Opposition organized by Mr. Labouchere suddenly shook off the torpor of months, and threatened obstruction, the Ministry yielded. This concession satisfied Mr. Gladstone, who very properly took occasion to point out that, at no period in the history of the present dynasty, when the Royal Family was large, has the Civil List been as low as it is now. This might, indeed, have appeared a good reason for voting the grant now asked for, and leaving the discussion of the Civil List to a period when it must needs be considered as a whole. The Ministry did, however, well to be contented with what it could get. On this occasion was the first sign of that split in the Opposition which has been the liveliest incident of the Session. The parasitical organism (we hope this scientific language is appropriate to the times) which counts Mr. Labouchere as its chief was not satisfied. It grumbled, and put up Mr. Bradlaugh to move for an instruction to the Committee which would have authorized a singularly insolent intrusion into the Queen's private affairs. Mr. Bradlaugh's motion was defeated by 313 to 125. When, on the 9th July, Mr. Smith presented the list of the Committee, which had been drawn up in agreement with Mr. Gladstone, the Radicals revolted altogether. They objected to the list because they did not know enough about it, and then because they knew too much about some of its members—as, for instance, that Sir A. Campbell was not a sufficiently good Scotchman, and that Mr. Chamberlain was a Tory. Mr. Labouchere made Mr. Bradlaugh's motion over again; and at one period of the evening 136 Radicals found themselves voting against Mr. Gladstone. The Ministry finally carried its list. On the recommendation of the Committee the Ministry decided not to ask for a special grant for the children of the Prince, but for an allowance to himself of 36,000*l.* a year, out of which he is to provide for his children. The sum had originally been 40,000*l.*, but was reduced at Mr. Gladstone's instigation. It was also the opinion of the Committee that the Houses should recognize the Queen's claim for grants for her grandchildren, and acknowledge that Her Majesty by not pressing her right had withdrawn a demand she was justified in making. On this point there was a division in the Committee, and then a somewhat curious subdivision in the Opposition. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley opposed the recognition of the Queen's claim, and drew an alternative clause to the effect that the precedents did not show clearly what the claim really was. When this was rejected by the majority Mr. Gladstone decided to support the Ministry. Mr. Morley, not uninfluenced, perhaps, by voices from Newcastle, elected to join Mr. Labouchere in a general resistance to the grant. On the 26th July the Bill was read a second time. A majority of 282 rejected Mr. Labouchere's motion against going into Committee, which received, however, the support of a discreditable large minority (116). On Monday Mr. Morley, who had not directly supported Mr. Labouchere on the Friday, brought forward an amendment of his own which

nobody but himself has been able to distinguish in meaning from the other, and was supported by a minority of 134 votes, from which it appears that his personal following consists of seventeen. The Government, which was vigorously supported by Mr. Gladstone and a majority of the Parnellites, had an immense superiority in argument and debating power, but the minority was unexpectedly large. The meaning of this increase in the number of those who think that rebellious funkeyism and zeal for liberty are synonymous is not obscure. It is obvious that a large section of the Radicals, if not all, are rapidly approximating to the Continental type, and it is not to be denied that the Opposition is in a process of ferment. The resistance to the Royal Grants Bill had, as it was conducted, much the air of one of those internal struggles by which an American Convention, or a Conclave, decides which of its members is to be candidate for the Presidency, or to be Pope. If that was its meaning, the result must be unpleasantly surprising to some members of the party, for the figures in the divisions would seem to show that, if Mr. Gladstone is not deposed already in favour of Mr. Labouchere, the reversion of his office is set apart for that politician.

In the very last days of the Session the Ministry carried a Technical Instruction Bill, which was fiercely opposed by a section of the Opposition because it seemed, in their opinion, to trench on the supremacy of the School Board, but was forced through with the consent of an overpowering majority of the House. This same section of the Opposition has experienced a yet more severe shock by Mr. Balfour's announcement of the Ministry's intention to consent to the establishment of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland.

The Ministry has been far from equally fortunate, and, it may be added, has not always deserved equal fortune with its smaller measures. With them it has suffered a succession of checks not individually of much importance, but such as taken together do something to weaken the authority of a Cabinet. In addition to measures which were crowded out, one Bill was thrown out in the House in which a Unionist Government is strongest, one was withdrawn in consequence of unpopularity in the country, and one was wrecked by sheer mismanagement in the House of Commons. It was Lord Halsbury's Land Transfer Bill which was slain by the House of Lords. This was one of those measures to facilitate the transfer of land of which all men and most lawyers speak well, and for which, to judge by the little effective interest they inspire and the trifling practical effect they produce, nobody really cares. It was introduced in the Lords and reached the third reading, and appeared safe so far, when its rejection was moved by the Duke of Beaufort on the 24th of June, and only avoided by a majority of nine in a very full House. This check was soon turned into defeat, and the Lords threw the Bill out altogether. If their action was tardy, it was intelligible, for the measure threatened changes in the method of transfer of land which were not acceptable to those who transact the business at present, and it proposed to assimilate real to personal property in a way which could not be pleasing to the great landed proprietors. The defeat of the measure was unpleasing to those who think the Lords have no right to take an independent course in a matter in which they are particularly interested; but if the Upper House did an unpopular thing, it was justified by the indifference of the country. The nation, which is supposed to be anxious to promote the transfer of land, and to be quite eager to abolish "primogeniture," heard of the loss of the Bill with serene indifference. The fate of the Sugar Convention Bill was also in its way an illustration of the hollowness of some popular demands for legislation. The Cabinet would certainly seem to have been justified in the belief that there was a strong demand in the country both for the arrangement made with foreign Powers for the abolition of Sugar Bounties and for legislation to carry that arrangement into effect. But when the Bill was brought in, and a belief, very ill founded on fact, arose that it would raise the price of sugar, it became at once the object of clamour, by which the Opposition, hitherto utterly languid on the subject, hastened to profit. Those at whose request the Cabinet had acted became apparently entirely indifferent to their desired measure. At least they made no sign, and the Government, finding it had to deal with the certainty of vehement opposition, and could not rely on any general support in the country, withdrew the Bill in the middle of June. It could do this without discredit, since the measure would not have taken effect for two years. If, therefore, the popular demand for the Sugar Convention Bill is as solid as it is vehement in expression, it may be reintroduced next Session.

The third Ministerial check, the loss of the Tithes Bill, was more manifestly the result of bad management. A general measure to make the recovery of tithes a less laborious and less irritating process had been drafted by the Cabinet before Parliament met. It was promised in the Queen's Speech, but nothing was heard of it for months. At last when August was begun, and the end of the Session seemed not unlikely to fall after many years on the traditional Twelfth, Mr. Smith announced that the Cabinet had decided to carry a measure dealing with the so-called Tithe War in Wales, as preliminary to a wider Tithe Bill to be carried next Session. This Bill was to have replaced restraint as the sole means of recovery of tithe by summary process in the County Court, and it left the obligation for the payment on the farmers. Two classes of opponents were at once aroused by the Bill. The partisans of Welsh Dis-

establishment were, as they impudently confessed, annoyed at the prospect of the loss of a "lever" which they found useful, and were therefore committed to resist a measure which would reduce the opportunities for dramatic scenes. Another and a more respectable form of opposition was to be expected from those members of the House, among whom were not a few Conservatives, who wished to see the burden of the tithe laid directly, and not as it is at present, indirectly, on the landlord; a rule which the Ministry had itself accepted in the draft of an earlier Bill. It was from them that the destruction of the Bill came. On the 12th of August an amendment to this effect was moved by Mr. Grey, a Conservative member, and only defeated by a very narrow majority (145 to 141). The Government then amended its Bill to satisfy this opposition. When, however, the amendment was moved the Speaker ruled that the change was so great as to constitute a new measure; that it could not therefore, according to precedent, be allowed; and that the Government must begin again. On the 16th of August this was clearly impossible. The Bill was withdrawn, and the Ministry will now have to see that the Welsh clergy are properly supported in the use of the one means they possess for the recovery of their dues. It has been punished for its ill-management by having to submit to the penance of receiving the compassionate patronage of Sir William Harcourt, to whom the leadership of the Opposition fell for that unlucky week. At the same time a Superannuation Bill—a large measure dealing with the Civil Service, which certainly deserved discussion, and had been introduced when it could not be discussed—was withdrawn.

The share of Ireland in the Session is, when compared with that of recent years, insignificant. The Irish members have secured a field night or two—as when, for instance, Mr. O'Brien called the attention of the House to a matter of importance, which turned out to be the outrageous conduct of the police, who would not allow Mr. O'Brien to be taken out of their hands by a noisy mob. On this and a few other occasions they have repeated their general charges of brutality, and such of their particular accusations of misconduct as had not been quite worn to rags by overhanding. It was noticed, however, that these traditional methods of patriotic warfare were used during the greater part of the Session with unwanted sobriety, and even ceased to be used at all during the latter part of June and the whole of July. The conduct of Irish members began, in fact, to approximate quite closely to a decent standard of manners. At the close of the Session there has been, under the stimulus of inquiries in the Nationalist press whether the Irish members had forgotten the purpose for which they were brought into Parliament, a temporary revival of their old style. Mr. Harrington, among others, has displayed himself in the usual taproom manner; but even this was only a temporary flicker. It lasted just long enough to remind the House that the Irish are there, and are the same sort of persons they always were, and then died down. The Irish Drainage and Light Railways Bills have been mainly opposed in the Grand Committee on Trade by a section of the English Radicals, who professed dislike to them on economic grounds, and a very minute minority of Irish members, who chose to display an austere disinclination to accept English money. Heterodox the Bills are from the economic point of view; but all parties have agreed to give up orthodoxy in Irish affairs. It is agreed by everybody, except Radicals when a Unionist Ministry is in office, that in Ireland, at least, public money must be advanced to start and support what we should expect in England to be the work of private enterprise. The end of the Light Railways Bill was enlivened by the wrath of Mr. Storey. He had been somewhat summarily silenced in the Grand Committee on Trade by the Chairman, Mr. Salt, and appealed to the Speaker. Mr. Peel was of opinion that the amendment which Mr. Storey had not been allowed to introduce in Committee was legitimate; but he could not interfere with the authority of the Chairman. Mr. Storey was therefore compelled to wait for the reappearance of the Bill on report and take his revenge then. He did so, and contrived to make the third reading of the Bill one of the fighting nights of the Session; but it passed. At the close of the Session the Government passed with little difficulty a Bill making the notification of cases of infectious disease by medical men, which had hitherto been enforced by private Act in many large towns, compulsorily in London at once, and compulsorily in other towns at the discretion of the local authorities.

The Budget was introduced by Mr. Goschen on the 15th of April. It showed a surplus of 2,798,000*l.* available for the extinction of debt, and was in most respects acceptable. The necessity of providing for the Naval Defence expenditure threw a burden on the Consolidated Fund which did not allow the Chancellor of the Exchequer to remit taxes. On the contrary, this charge, and the effects of the transfer of Excise dues to local revenue, compelled him to find more money. This he did by imposing a new tax of 1 per cent. on all estates, real or personal, of over 10,000*l.* left by will—the most easy to pay of all taxes—by an additional Beer-duty, and by the transfer of 1,000,000*l.* of the money saved by redemption of Debt. Mr. Goschen made a very effective defence of his financial policy, and the Opposition had no more telling charge to bring against him than took the form of ironical and unfounded praise for the introduction of the principle of graduated taxation of property.

A private Bill which was very excellent in intention, but might have done some unkindness to the poor of London unless

it had been amended, was the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Bill, brought in by Mr. Mundella. Along with many excellent provisions for the protection of children against cruel or careless parents, it contained one clause, largely dictated by ignorance or prejudice, which prohibited their employment in theatres while under ten years of age. This clause actually passed both Houses, but was on report amended by the proviso that the Lord Chamberlain should have authority to license certain theatres. It was generally recognized that in this form the Bill gave theatre children all necessary protection.

But Private Bills which have come to nothing have been rather exceptionally common during this Session. In March the Lords had to extinguish the well-meant Black Sheep Bill of Lord Carnarvon. This measure, which was apparently designed to silence those critics of the House of Lords who do not attack it because it is a House of Lords, and may therefore be passed over with indifference, by giving the House power to expel the few members of the body whose lives are discreditable, was rejected by the Lords, who saw that a privilege of peerage dependent on the goodwill of other peers would be something very different from the right by which they sit at present. Some two months later their Lordships performed with more than the decision they have occasionally displayed their yearly duty of rejecting the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. In May Mr. Labouchere illustrated the futility of such Bills as Lord Carnarvon's by moving the abolition of the Lords altogether. He amused the House of Commons, and was defeated by a majority of 201 to 160. The only serious thing about the debate was the evidence it afforded that there are 160 members of the House of Commons who are light-hearted enough to think of producing a revolution by a casual vote. In May also Mr. Milvain found the support of a majority of 68 (194 to 126) members of the Commons for a more rational proposal to inflict the deterrent punishment of flogging on some classes of violent criminals who are at present safe from any but the less feared sentence of imprisonment. The vote remained as a sign of the distinct, though not yet very powerful, reaction against the excessive humanitarianism of the last generation. In the same month Mr. Dillwyn moved the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, and Mr. E. Robertson the Disenfranchisement of the Universities. Mr. Dillwyn, though defeated in the House by a majority of 53 (284 to 231), secured the adhesion of Mr. Gladstone, who was consequently suspected by some old friends of accepting Disestablishment as a sop to keep Wales quiet on the Home Rule question until its agitation for that boon would be more convenient than it could be now. Mr. E. Robertson secured the support of that Radical hundred and twenty or thirty who can be relied on to vote for anything which will diminish the power of education and property. After May the Government inroads on the time of private members put a stop to all individual attempts at legislation.

Foreign and Colonial affairs have not received any great share of the attention of Parliament. Lord Carnarvon, indeed, gave rise to a debate on Egypt in the Lords which ended, and could only end, in leaving things where it found them. We remain in Egypt till a stable Government is established; no stable Government can be established except by us, and we will not take the measures required to make Egypt safe from attack from the South. Even if we did, it might still be necessary for us to remain to keep it safe; and in the meantime we must needs stay there to prevent things from getting worse—a compromise which, if it arouses the fury of foreign critics who cannot see that half measures due to sheer unwillingness to appear aggressive have often served England well in her own despite, has the merit of leaving our hold on the road to India secure. The Western Australia Government Bill, which has excited no little opposition by handing over the possession of a considerable part of a great continent to a handful of colonists, has occupied the Lords, but was withdrawn in the Lower House. The peremptory measures by which the Portuguese Government has put a stop to work by an English Company on the Delagoa railway have necessarily been noted in Parliament, but as yet the question has not taken a form which makes discussion in either House effective. The only debate on foreign affairs—if it can be called a debate on foreign affairs—in the House of Commons was moved by Mr. E. Robertson during the license of May. This active Scotch member, fresh from his efforts to disfranchise the Universities, moved a vote of censure on the Government for not sending a representative to those French celebrations of the Revolution of 1789, which were attended by no representative of the European monarchies. Whatever importance the discussion had was due to the intervention of Mr. Gladstone, who, after severely snubbing Mr. Robertson and acknowledging that the Ministry had taken the line which his own was prepared to take, pleased the students of his always interesting character by proceeding to argue that what would have been becoming neutrality in him was disrespect to the French Republic in a "Tory" Ministry. The vote of censure was defeated by 283 votes to 199, and the minority, reinforced by one other member, made themselves ridiculous by sending a protest to the President of the French Republic, which he had the good sense not to receive.

The usual tardy reading of the Indian Budget, accompanied by the usual complaints that Parliament had not been asked earlier to attend to matters which it does not profess to understand, and would in any case not discuss, ended that part of the business of the Session which was not almost purely formal. Parliament rose

with the knowledge that a very fair amount of work had been done, that the Opposition had not only begun to split, but goes off carrying in it a wedge, dexterously inserted by Mr. Balfour, which will in all probability split it yet further.

GROUSE-HAWKING.

AFALCON towering in her pride of place" is the proper creature wherewith to kill a grouse. Shooting-men, no doubt, experience a thrill of delight when their first victim of the "Twelfth," whirring up in front of their favourite setter, drops dead on the heather forty yards from their gun-muzzle. There is pride and joy when the driven pack, speeding down wind at express pace, is decimated by the crack of your breechloader as you wait in ambush for the decisive moment. But what are these gratifications to the triumph of the falconer, when his own hawk, waiting in the clouds above, following his signals at that immense height, comes down like a thunderbolt upon the fast-flying covey, and with a stroke like lightning dashes one of them headlong to the ground? If you measure the merits of a sport by the difficulties which it overcomes, assuredly you will give the palm to this ancient branch of it. The very fact that so few men now are found to indulge in it attests, like a score of other signs, the truth of the explanation given by James I., that for lazy men hawking is too arduous and vexatious a business. In order to succeed in any department of it, and much more in game-hawking on the moors, you must have the very best dogs, the very best horses, the best hawks, and, one may add, the best men. Given all these, and the scene is as pretty as the mind can well devise. A broad expanse of nearly flat moorland. In the background a line of horsemen, one with a hooded hawk on his gauntletted left fist. In the foreground, three or four hundred yards ahead, a trusty pointer or setter quartering the ground. Presently his pace slackens, his gaiety tones down into seriousness, his body from nose to tail becomes more rigid at each step, and at last he stands stiff and motionless, as if petrified, at the dead point. Meanwhile the line of cavalry has drawn bridle, and the bearer of the hawk has put down his head as if in act to kiss the plumed hood. This is only to slacken one tie-band of it, while his right-hand fingers pull the other. As the dog comes to his dead point, off goes the hood, and from the fist held aloft the falcon springs into the air. As she mounts steadily upwards with lusty strokes of her broad wings, she is the only moving thing in the silent scene. The motionless pointer forms the centre of an irregular circle round which she works in her upward journey, now taking a long swing down wind, and again breasting the air with quick, resolute beats of her pointed wings. Every man's eye is upon her, and the only sound heard is the low voice of the falconer begging you "not to hurry her." Up she goes till the streaked bars of her breast and under-plumage become black in one uniform shade; up again till the fine outline of her shape is lost, and only by the buoyancy of her movement and the regular strength of her soaring curves can she be known from lark or swallow. Round and round now like a black speck in the sky she swings with hardly moving wings. She has got to her "pitch"; she is in her "pride of place." Now is the time. Bits and bridles jingle; the heath gives out a hollow thunder as the horsemen dash in, and with a loud shout from them the covey starts up fifty yards from the dog's nose. Now look up. The speck above no longer circles round. It grows blacker and harder to the eye as it glances sideways for a space like a shooting star. A flash comes from it as the sun catches the tip of one wing; and then, in one long oblique line of descent, is seen that marvellous *coup*, the swiftest movement of any living creature, the "stoop" of the true falcon. The accumulated impulse of a fall from a thousand feet brings the pursuing peregrine down within a few yards of the ground, twenty or thirty paces behind the escaping covey. With that tremendous impulse upon her she is going four times as fast as they, although grouse never fly faster than when the falcon is behind. In another second she will rush past them with the whizzing sound of a dozen arrows all together. In one convulsive effort each grouse swerves from the blow. But peregrines can swerve too, and as the pursuer dashes past often a fluff of feathers marks the place of the fatal stroke, and a victim with broken wing or broken back topples headlong over and rolls dead or senseless on to the heather beneath. Sometimes, of course, the "shift" of the grouse is successful, and the baffled peregrine, speeding by without striking her sharp talons into the intended victim, has to shoot up aloft again, raising herself with the momentum, still unexpended, of her first stoop. It will be half a minute or more before she has got to her "pitch" again; and by that time the grouse, with their full pace on them, will be near half a mile away. A second stoop may be more successful, or a third may yet be needed; but, if this fails, the quarry will be pretty sure to have gained a place of safety—the steep side of a burn, perhaps, the shelter of tall gorse bushes, or anything that will hide its head from the view of the destroyer. Meanwhile horses gallop, and riders are thrown on the rough ground. The trained hawk, angry but thirsty for blood, gets up again to a new pitch. Beaters are improvised, and every effort is made to turn out the grouse from his retreat. A second flight may again occur, with equally doubtful result; but of all stoops the most dangerous is usually the first,

and the main efforts of the experienced falconer are directed to ensuring its success.

To accomplish this what an infinity of pains and patience is needed! Such a falcon as that which has just been described is the product of many weeks of almost incessant care. Her obedience and docility must be combined with boldness and high courage; her keenness for the quarry must be made consistent with that exuberant strength which comes only from high feeding. She must be hungry without being thin, bloodthirsty without being savage, tame without being mean-spirited. A thousand dangers and mischances menace and impede the falconer who ventures on the moors. Ill-conditioned falcons, instead of mounting aloft, will hang about near the ground, at a height from which it is impossible for them to get up with their fast-flying quarry. Others will go aloft indeed, but not in the right place, and will be soaring about at a good height a quarter of a mile to leeward when the grouse get up and, skimming rapidly up-wind, fairly outstrip the best efforts of their enemy. Then comes the whole tribe of troublesome hawks, which "check" at unlawful quarry—which, being sent aloft to "wait on" over the dog, catch sight of a stray rook or wood-pigeon a long way off, and, without more ado, set off in pursuit—only to be recovered, perhaps, by a two-mile ride at full gallop, or by a two-hours' search, or even by a weary trail after them on foot, at daybreak next day. Some peregrines which have made excellent practice at rooks won't take any notice of game, and even refuse to eat a grouse when offered them for dinner. Then you have the youngsters, which are ready enough to fly at game if they could only catch them, but which, by bad luck or stupidity, always have their heads turned the wrong way when the grouse get up, or which don't like the wind or the rain, and, having failed to catch at their first three or four chances, become ill-tempered and wild, and are put by their owners on the list of ne'er-do-wells. Grouse may not be the most intelligent of birds; but they are, at all events, pretty well aware what are their best tactics when a hawk is in the air above them. If this hawk is a wild one, they are usually safe enough; for all they have to do is to sit still and wait till the broad circling sweeps of his easy flight take him far over the horizon. The only chance which a wild hawk has of taking game birds is when some shepherd, or tourist, or sportsman puts them up under him; for, until almost trod upon by some human being, no grouse or partridge in his senses will ever rise of his own accord. With the trained hawk, of course, it is quite another thing. The very object of her "waiting on" over the heads of the men and dog is that they may do for her the important work of flushing the quarry. And even then nature or instinct teaches the youngest grouse his best and most skilful tactics. There is always a time when the falcon, in circling round, has her head turned down wind, and away from the dog. Then is the time to make a bolt for it. And, with a sagacity surprising to see, the golden moment is seized, and a dash is made at best speed for the nearest place of shelter. It is the habit of the grouse when walked up to head down wind, as by this means he gets quicker away. But if a hawk is above, this rule is reversed. Just as the hare has a better chance when going uphill, so the grouse or partridge knows full well that he can go faster up wind as compared with his foe than if he makes to leeward. Consequently the object of the falconer is to make his falcon wait on to windward, and drive the grouse down wind—difficult things to accomplish, unless your pointer is first-rate, and also used to the business.

That hawks should still be trained to kill grouse regularly is thus some credit to their owners, who, in the abundance of shot guns, and in the host of enemies whose hand is against them, find obstacles innumerable, from which their ancestors were free. And the success attained to in late years has been remarkable. There are at least two trained peregrines now alive which have killed over fifty grouse in a single season. These two are both, curiously enough, "eyasses," and not "haggards"—that is to say, they were taken as nestlings from the eyrie, and not captured in the adult state after they had learnt to prey for themselves. Probably there are half a dozen "haggards" or "passage-hawks" which have slain for their masters over thirty in a season. The killing capacity of each kind of hawk—"eyess" or "passage"—depends mainly on the height of the "pitch"; and as, from the spectator's point of view, the beauty of the chase depends on the speed of the stoop, your high-mounting falcon is not only the most deadly, but affords the finest sight. By-the-bye, the "tiercel," or male peregrine, as distinguished from his much larger sister the "falcon," makes no good figure on a moor. Though he, too, can tower in as proud a place as she, neither the weight of his body nor the strength of his talons is sufficient to strike down or clutch so robust and heavy a bird as an old grouse. Clutching, indeed, or, in falconer's phrase, "binding to," the quarry, which is the proper mode of attack against a heron, rook, or kite, is by no means an artistic manoeuvre on the moorside. The speed of the flight is so great, and the stroke so sudden and violent, that an attempt to hold on to the victim when struck would almost dislocate the leg of the striker, or at least throw her headlong forward over her prey. Accordingly the disabling blow is usually dealt in passing, with the strong hind talon, which is so trenchant as to break wing, ribs, or back, and even occasionally to decapitate the sufferer. The body of an old grouse, cut over by the falcon's stoop as he went down wind, has been known to strike the heather and bound forty-five feet from it on to the place where the *coup de grâce* was administered by the

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victor. Game hawks are rewarded for their exertions, when successful, by being allowed to demolish the head and neck of their quarry; and if by any chance you should happen to dine with a falconer on his moor, you will be edified by seeing his grouse come headless to the table.

THE NATIONAL ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION.

THE Volunteer Artillery do not succeed in attracting the same public attention as their comrades in arms, the Rifle Volunteers; chiefly, perhaps, owing to the fact that they are necessarily smaller in numbers. But the importance of their rôle in case of invasion is, man for man, much greater. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that we note that, in spite of the most adverse conditions of weather, the shooting this year has been, on the whole, better than that of previous competitions. The exact value of artillery in modern war has been a subject of controversy of a peculiarly ardent nature during the last few years. And in this particular case this controversy has been embittered, not only by the abolition of some batteries of the Horse Artillery, but also by recent acrimonious discussions, both in the public prints and in the sacred walls of the Royal United Service Institution, between soldiers and sailors. These wrangles, although they may serve an ultimate purpose, and may help to thrash out the problems of complete defence, meanwhile cripple the action of willing Governments. For they produce, first of all, a feeling of doubt in the public mind whether the money, which they are asked to give, will be wisely or uselessly spent. Every one who has ever been connected with the management of any business depending upon engineering skill for its success has been brought face to face with the necessity for deciding on the relative merits of schemes submitted by independent and equally brilliant experts. They are all honestly anxious to further the interests of the concern. They all know their subject within limits. They all wish to do their best by their employers. And yet they tell opposite stories, give opposite opinions, attribute the meanest motives to those who differ from them; in fact, do their best (unconsciously and honestly) to bewilder the judgments of those whom they wish to serve. This sort of thing is bad enough when the decision lies with half a dozen educated men. But, unfortunately, in the case of our defensive armaments it lies, indirectly at least, in the hands of some millions of half-educated men. And it is upon the enthusiasm of the best of these that the existence of our Volunteer force depends.

At the present moment there is a very distinct danger to be feared that the public will indulge in a false security owing to the increase in the navy. The English cannot, as a rule, look all round a subject and form a calm judgment. Whatever side has been presented with ability last forces itself upon our national attention, to the exclusion of other and equally important considerations. The prolonged discussions which arose out of the Naval Defence Bill, the inspection of the fleet by the German Emperor, and the interest excited by the Naval Manoeuvres have given colour to the idea that, if we only spend a little more on our fleet, we shall have no need for any other defences at all. And, unfortunately, this idea has been fostered by ill-considered speeches and letters made and written by men who apparently stand in the position of authorities in naval matters. The effect of much that has been said during the last few months must be very discouraging to all Volunteers, and especially to those who belong to the Artillery branch of that service. In fact the only logical conclusion to be drawn is in favour of the absolute disbanding of the whole force. The argument, roughly stated, is that, if we had a perfect fleet, we could never be attacked successfully, and that, therefore, the money spent in land fortification, including garrisons, &c., ought to be spent on ships. The fallacy is ingenious. For no one can deny that, if you live on an island and have an unassailable fleet there, you will not be assailed. But when are we likely to have this perfect fleet? If every penny spent on the army were to be handed over for the next ten years to the navy, should we be nearer the result of a perfect fleet? Is such a thing as an invincible fleet a possibility? It is so on one condition only—that no foreign nations have any ships of war.

That, unless our fleets were either in the Pacific Ocean or beaten, invasion would be a risky game to play, no one can deny, as things stand at present. But the risk would be enormously reduced by the abolition of the Volunteers. It is their existence, in fact, which would enable the fleet to have a comparatively free action. For were they not there, a strong navy would, in time of war, be forced to hang about for purely defensive purposes. It is certain that, at whatever value the Volunteers may be put, they would prevent an enemy taking the first train to Charing Cross, and bivouacking that night in the House of Commons. In other words, the certainty that resistance of an organized character would be offered by a large body of men more or less trained in the use of arms of various kinds, and to a considerable extent accustomed to discipline, would prevent the landing of any but a strong expeditionary force. The difficulties of landing and the dangers of discovery are thus in the first place enormously increased. The progress inland, even if not checked by defeat, would be rendered slow. And meanwhile either by improvising such methods as our vast naval resources suggest, or

by recalling distant ships, the local command of the sea might be recovered, and the enemy's line of communications severed.

But, without going further into the detail of this much-vexed question, the point of encouragement for the Volunteer Artillery is this. The organization which they possess, the guns which are now by slow degrees being issued to them, the forts which are being erected for their occupation—all these things are not the work of faddists. Admiral Colomb may write epigrammatic and popular appeals to have the money now being spent on fortifications, guns, and garrisons spent on ships. His statements and his arguments, being plausible, may catch the ear of unthinking persons. But the money is spent on works and men, on a scheme which has the joint sanction of the best naval and military experts in this country, after careful joint consideration. In the opinion of the Admiralty and War Office alike, the Volunteers, or some paid substitute for them, are a necessary part of any national scheme of defence founded on a careful survey of all the political and physical conditions likely to enter into any possible scheme of invasion. Had the plans, as at present worked out, been due only to the Military Intelligence Department, there would have been good reason for attaching great importance to any protest against them from the sailor's point of view. But it is absurd to suppose that the Naval Intelligence Department was so unlike the rest of humanity as not to be slightly biased in favour of its own branch of the services. It would not, therefore, naturally lean in favour of an expensive system of land defence. And yet the training of Volunteer artillery and infantry, the provision of arms, and the construction of forts are part of their scheme. Let Admiral Colomb, if he chooses, raise technical discussions in the proper places. But it is a distinctly unpatriotic action to throw cold water on the enthusiasm of those who are sacrificing time and money to fit themselves for their place in that plan of defence approved by the authorities of his own branch of the service.

It is, therefore, strongly our advice to those artillerymen who earned so thoroughly the praise given by Colonel Nicholson last week not to allow their belief in the importance of their work, and in the necessity for their careful training, to be affected by the careless generalizations of one-sided writers. They may rest assured that their value is fully recognized by those whose responsibility forces them to weigh minute care all the elements of the problem. And they may be sure that every step forward in the skill which they can only acquire by constant and assiduous training is making them better citizens and more useful soldiers, in view of an actual possibility.

THE RISE IN THE BANK RATE.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday raised their rate of discount to 4 per cent., and very wisely, for the position was becoming dangerous. The influences acting upon the money market this year have raised the value of money in London earlier than usual, and they are likely to gain strength as the weeks go on. First among those influences is the improvement in trade, which, by augmenting the volume of business being done all over the country, and by raising wages and prices, renders necessary a larger coin circulation throughout the United Kingdom than at times when trade is less active. Holiday-making and harvesting are still further just now drawing upon the supply of money in London, and by-and-bye the usual autumnal demands for the English provinces and for Ireland and Scotland will make themselves felt, and they are likely to be much larger this year than for several years past. In all these ways it may reasonably be assumed that the outflow of coin and notes from London will be so large as very greatly to reduce the reserve of the Bank of England. But that reserve is already so low that a considerable further reduction would raise apprehension in the money market. As we have been explaining, the improvement in trade has drawn very considerably upon the supply of loanable capital in London. And over and above this there has recently been a large export of gold to Paris. If, therefore, the home demand for gold should be increased by a foreign demand, it is feared in the City that the effect upon the money market might be so great as to check the improvement in trade. There are regular demands of various kinds for foreign countries that usually come upon us in the autumn, and of course they will come upon us this year as in the past. They, however, could be met without serious inconvenience, were it not for the danger that special large demands may spring up. On Wednesday gold amounting to 400,000*l.* was withdrawn from the Bank of England for Brazil, and it is reported that more is to follow. Then, again, there is the fear that a large amount may be required by the Argentine Republic. The paper currency is there so greatly depreciated that the Government has for some time past been doing all in its power to attract gold. The Finance Minister has failed, and, in consequence, has resigned office. But his successor, we may be sure, will try new methods, and it is possible that he may be more successful. More serious still is the danger of a large gold drain to New York. Quite recently a considerable amount of gold was sent from New York to London and Paris, and at the same time, owing to a revival in trade throughout the Union, there has been a considerable outflow of coin and notes for the interior. Within the past couple of weeks

harvesting operations have increased greatly this outflow; and, as harvesting becomes general and the crops are being sent to market, the demand for more coin and notes will become more imperative. In consequence of all this the surplus reserve of the New York Associated Banks has fallen below half a million sterling. If the surplus reserve should disappear altogether, the Associated Banks would have to stop lending and discounting. Rates of interest and discount might, in consequence, rise so high in New York that a large demand for gold might spring up in Europe. This week, it is true, the Secretary of the Treasury has been buying bonds very freely. His purchases, it is estimated, will transfer from the Treasury to the market over two millions sterling, and it is to be presumed that he will go on buying as long as the danger of stringency exists. His purchases may so relieve the market as not to render necessary gold imports from Europe. But, on the other hand, they may not be sufficient, and all who are engaged in the London money market must keep this possibility before their minds.

Fortunately there is not at present that over-eager competition in the outside market in London which so often aggravates the danger of such a situation as just now exists. The outflow of coin and notes from London to the provinces which has been going on all through the year has been mainly at the expense of the outside market. Bankers all over the United Kingdom usually keep employed in London the surplus balances which they cannot use profitably in their own districts. When, however, trade becomes more active in their own districts, they immediately order their agents in London to send back to them a portion of these surplus balances. Thus, though the coin is taken out of the Bank of England, it is really taken from the deposits of the outside market. In this way the funds at the disposal of the outside market have been greatly reduced, and they have been still further reduced by the completion of the conversion of Consols. As New Consols are under par, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has not been able to complete conversion by increasing the issue of Two and three-quarters per Cent. He has paid off the Unconverted Three per Cent partly by borrowing from the Bank of England, but very largely by the issue of Treasury Bills and Exchequer Bonds, which have been taken nearly altogether by the outside market. At the present moment the Treasury Bills actually in circulation exceed those in circulation at this time last year by nearly 8½ millions sterling, and a new issue already announced will raise the excess to about 8¾ millions sterling. As we have said, the additional Treasury Bills are being taken chiefly by the outside market, and the money paid for them, therefore, has been transferred from the outside market to the Bank of England. Owing to this and to the drain upon its resources due to the improvement in trade, the outside market is not nearly so well supplied with loanable capital as it usually is, and, therefore, it has not been able to continue the over-keen competition which often defeats the efforts of the Bank of England to raise the value of money in London. On the contrary, the outside market almost immediately followed the lead of the Bank of England when the latter raised its rate of discount from 2½ per cent. to 3 per cent. And in the early part of this week the rate of discount in the outside market was actually higher than the published official minimum rate of the Bank of England. In the expectation that the Bank Directors would on Thursday raise their rate, bill-brokers and discount-houses on the three preceding days had been taking bills either at 3½ per cent., or sometimes even at as much as 3¾ per cent., or else at 3 per cent., coupled with the condition that, if the Bank rate were raised, there would be an additional charge made. This greatly simplifies the task of the Bank of England, for it makes it reasonably certain that the advance of the Bank rate on Thursday will be promptly followed by an advance of the rate in the outside market. In other words, it gives the control of the whole London money market to the Bank of England, and enables the Directors of that institution, therefore, to take whatever measures may be necessary to protect their reserve, by warding off large demands for gold. The only effectual measures which they can adopt are such as will raise the value of money in London high enough to make it profitable for capitalists of every nationality who have money already in London to continue to employ it here, and also to make it profitable for capitalists to bring money from other countries where it is cheaper to London, where it is thus made dearer. And in the present condition of the outside market it is reasonably certain that the Directors of the Bank of England can do this if they act promptly and energetically.

The task of the Bank of England is by no means easy. It has to make the value of money high enough to prevent a large foreign drain of gold, and at the same time not so high as to disturb trade at home. Whether it can do this obviously depends upon the strength of the foreign demand, and the possibility of diverting that demand to some other market. For example, it is possible that, if there were to be a serious crisis either in Buenos Ayres or in New York, gold might be taken from London, if it could not be obtained anywhere else, even though the Bank of England rate were 5 per cent. As regards Buenos Ayres, he would be a bold man who would venture a very confident opinion as to what may happen. But respecting New York there seems little danger of a serious crisis. The United States' Treasurer, who speaks with exceptional authority, is reported to have said on Tuesday that a crisis is not to be apprehended, that the banks everywhere outside New

York are stronger than usual, and have fewer bad and doubtful debts. In New York, it is true, the banks' reserves are very low; but then the Secretary of the Treasury can increase their funds very largely. Even after paying out a couple of millions sterling for the bonds bought this week, he ought to have about 2½ millions sterling still at his disposal, and presumably he can increase that sum by the issue of silver certificates. The transfer of four or five millions sterling from the Treasury to the market may not be sufficient to prevent high rates of interest and discount, or to prevent a demand for European gold. But it ought to be sufficient to prevent a crisis. Turning now to the second point, the possibility of obtaining gold elsewhere than in London, we would observe that the Bank of France holds more than 50 millions sterling of the metal, over 9 millions sterling more than it held at this time last year. Obviously it could part with several of those millions without inconvenience to itself or danger to any French interest. The foreign demand, then, may be diverted from London to Paris by prompt and efficient action on the part of the Directors of the Bank of England. There would still, of course, remain the home demand, which is expected to be very large this year. That demand, however, being prompted by trade requirements, will not inconvenience trade, and it is to be recollect that the stoppage of the issue of new half-sovereigns, and the increased issue of silver coins, will tend to some extent at least to diminish the pressure upon the London market. If the 4 per cent. rate is made at once effective, and if it attracts much gold from Paris, it may not be necessary to do more till October. But if gold does not come from abroad, and the danger of foreign demands continues, measures ought at once to be taken to strengthen the Reserve. Any hesitation now will make the difficulty greater by-and-by.

MUSKETRY INSTRUCTION IN INDIA.

THE retention of fire-control over sections and groups of men, even when advancing to the attack, is the great unsolved question of modern battle tactics. Fire-discipline is becoming more and more the military problem of the day. And, so far, we fear that but little progress is being made in England towards its solution. True, the Hythe musketry regulations have been simplified and improved of late years, and a really excellent chapter on Tactics as influenced by fire has been transcribed from the works of Captain Mayne into the new infantry drill-book; but this is not enough, and, as far as practical results are concerned, we appear to remain very much at a standstill. For at an Aldershot field-day do we not continue to see battalions going through the form of an attack, although no definite objective has been pointed out to them by their commanding officers, whilst company and section leaders aggravate the evil by giving their men the most varied and scattered marks on which to fire? Do we not still perceive the men themselves entering into the general unreal spirit of the proceedings, and not only failing to adjust their sights carefully to the named distances, but too often contenting themselves with the delivery of those ragged volleys which, in so far as injury to the enemy is concerned, are merely so much ammunition thrown away?

But there is balm in Gilead. Our military advisers are, when released from the petrifying influences of Hythe, quite capable of developing a real originality in matters of musketry instruction. Captain C. B. Mayne, R.E., a second edition of whose valuable work on Infantry Fire-tactics we recently reviewed at some length, has given us an admirable résumé of the work of others in this field; and, although he has not gone beyond general principles in his own deductions, and has refrained from formulating any precise recommendations for our guidance, he has yet shown us, all too conclusively, how much we have to learn. And now, in the latest Indian papers, there appears an order by Sir Frederick Roberts, sanctioning a really original departure, whereby the annual musketry course of the native army, hitherto modelled upon that of the British soldier, is modified with an object, or rather with a series of objects, which we cannot do better than quote:—

- I. To afford increased opportunities of practice to officers and all subordinate section-leaders in the control and intelligent direction of fire.
- II. To train the men, as a body, to deliver with precision and effect rapid collective fire, with as small a sacrifice of proficiency in individual marksmanship as possible.
- III. A closer assimilation between practices executed by the soldier in peace-time and the actual conditions of field service.
- IV. Reduction of the range work now executed by officers' of the native army.
- V. Simplification of musketry returns and consequent diminution of clerical labour.

Such objects are certainly well worth striving for, and we believe that the revised musketry course in question has in a great measure secured them to the native army of India. The great feature of the scheme lies in the increased importance which it gives to collective or battle practices, together with their entire separation from practices intended merely for instruction in individual marksmanship. If we compare the revised Indian course with the present English system, we shall see that the rock upon which Hythe has split is its weak compromise between exercises for drill and for actual battle, as a consequence of which drill practices are much less instructive than they might be; whilst

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battle practices are limited to a certain number of the field practices only. Instruction should be as simple as possible, and nothing beyond a lesson in straight shooting under favourable circumstances should, as a rule, be attempted. Therefore the target should be large and conspicuously marked with a black bull's-eye, in order that the recruit or soldier may see exactly the point he must endeavour to hit, and exactly the amount and direction of his error. The Indian target is of the Wimbledon pattern, and is excellently adapted to this purpose. On the other hand, the target introduced by Hythe purports to represent a human being, which gives the soldier no definite point to distinguish, so that, as it is impossible for him to aim at the precise centre of the object, it becomes extremely difficult for him to trace the exact cause of his deviation therefrom. It has already been noted that the home army has no battle practices beyond certain of the field practices which are common to both the British and native army, in so far as the smaller amount of ammunition granted to the latter permits them to practise. But it is the introduction by the Indian authorities of the new collective battle practices as a part of the regular course carried out on the rifle range which constitutes the great difference between the two systems. This portion of the training of the native army is to have special importance attached to it, and it consists of section volleys, rapid section volleys, and rapid independent practices, which begin at 800 yards and terminate at 200 yards. The target represents a parapet or shelter-trench covered with smoke, and is painted khaki or dust colour, a narrow band being left white at the top to serve the double purpose of making the object clearly distinguishable and causing the men to aim low. For, as hits upon the white count nothing, the orders that aim must be taken with a full sight at the bottom of the target will necessarily be obeyed. The practice is, in fact, thoroughly realistic, and its results count in the figure of merit by which the position of a regiment as regards proficiency in shooting is to be determined. An important point much insisted upon by Sir Frederick Roberts is that the method of aiming until now alone recognized is thoroughly unsuited for purposes of collective fire. It is pointed out that exercises of this description require a quick aim, retention of aim, and instantaneous action on the word "Fire!" the reason given being that "it is outside the power of the individual to determine at what uncertain moment he may be called upon to release the trigger. For if, at the word 'Fire!' he has not yet settled his aim, or, having settled it, has lost it; or if, through force of habit, he has pulled the trigger without orders on first acquiring aim, a loss of power and effect will be the inevitable consequence. The last error is especially pernicious, as it has been conclusively proved in practice that the premature fire of one man will vitiate the general results in a degree altogether out of proportion to his own good or bad shooting. In fact, individual accuracy cannot compensate for a 'ragged' volley, and in those collective practices, the importance of which is now being insisted on, exactitude of aim must always be subservient to punctuality in obedience to the word of command." Fire-discipline, on the other hand, demands all this on the part of the men, combined with a complete decentralization of command on behalf of the subordinate leaders; and we are not sure that the very best part of the course now under review does not lie in the fact that it provides practice in peace-time for those native officers—havildars and naiks—who alone, and it may almost be said unaided, must perform carry out the work of fire-control in the last and decisive phase of the actual battle.

Considerable as have been the advances recently made in England, they do not include anything of this sort. Here we are still groping away at individual marksmanship, with its precise, pottering aim, and very slow, gradual pressure of the trigger, not seeing that such methods are inapplicable to collective fire and absolutely antagonistic to that fire-discipline which we all profess to have so much at heart. Hythe may succeed in training a large proportion of soldiers to fire accurately at the black coffin on a background of snow which passes for a "figure target"; but it is doing nothing to increase the fire-discipline of the army. This, it may be added, will never be learnt upon ordinary field-days, when blank ammunition gives no opportunity whereby section commanders may judge of the practical results of their directions and commands. Besides this great variation in the principle upon which the revised course is to be conducted, there are several minor modifications introduced therein which we are inclined to consider useful and practical. One of these is the substitution of percentages for averages as a gauge of merit. The advantage is obvious, for at a glance any one can tell the shooting value of a practice if it is put down as a percentage, whereas under the existing system this can only be ascertained by a comparison between the average and the highest possible score, a piece of information not always available.

Judging distance has also been remodelled upon a more reasonable basis, and only section commanders, men likely shortly to rise to that position, and a few private soldiers who have shown a special aptitude for this part of their training, are henceforth to be exercised. The time thus economized may, it seems, be profitably devoted to making the small number attending the drill actually, instead of partially, efficient; and whatever our system of fire-discipline may be, it is certain that henceforth the bulk of a regiment will have no occasion to judge distances for themselves, except at those final phases when a fixed sight covers all the intervening ground. Space does not admit of our taking up

any of the other points raised in these important instructions, but we are sure enough has here been said to induce those who are interested in fire-discipline and musketry to study the matter for themselves.

AMONG THE DUST OF EMPIRES.

HE who on the dawn of a brilliant day in May finds himself on the summit of the great upland plains which roll their sweeping slopes of green towards the valley of the Tigris will see at Samarra the bourne of such pilgrims as may have been left sleeping in the Khan at the little town of Beled. In the dim morning hours such a traveller will have passed many a crumbling ruin of the good old times of the Beni Abbas, rising ghostly and silent on the desolate hills. Soon he arrives at the massive arches of the beautiful bridge Harba, with its inscription in old Kufic cut in high relief across the line of arches on each face of the bridge. There are not many remains of Abbaside magnificence left in this war-trodden region; and none which speaks so eloquently of the golden prime of Islam as the bridge which survives in solitary beauty in the midst of the desert. The glorious, undulating plain is traversed by the ruins of old canals, straight and endless lines reaching from one horizon to the other. Their waters came from the Tigris in its deep valley below the plateau, and they testify to an astonishing amount of engineering skill and expenditure of labour in their construction. Across the plateau runs the line of the old Median wall, which extends almost due south from the Tigris above the ruins of Opis, and rests at its southern extremity upon the great canal of Saklā-wiyeh, at the ruins of the sacred Babylonian city of Sipphara, a length of just fifty miles from river to river. The Arabs call it Sad-un-Nimrud, or Nimrod's embankment. He is the father of all that is great, or strange, or ancient in this country unto this day. The broad, forsaken plains lie bare and burning under the blazing sun. The heated air grows tremulous, and the refracted rays have lifted the far horizon between earth and sky so that a vast and shining sea seems spread between. Far down the slope to the north a distant tower stands lonely, and lofty, and prominent. Turn aside to explore, and you find an ancient and solitary Masjid perched on the very crown of the bluffs facing the deep valley of the Tigris. What a place of prayer on that lonely height when the cry went sounding over the depths, *La Illah ill-Allah!* No call to prayer is heard now, for there is none to heed it. The stupendous excavation of an ancient canal, cleft deep and clean through the rocky hills, shows the painful labour of toiling human hands. But where is the race that once filled these barren deserts with the hum of busy life? The wanderers rejoin their lagging beasts at the entrance of a great ruined city. For the greater part of an hour one may ride through the broad central street from one gate to another. The walls lie four-square, flanked by frequent bastions; the bricks have weathered to solid masses of clay as hard as stone; and nothing is left above ground by which the hasty traveller might hazard a conjecture as to name or date of that great silent city. It is known among the Arabs by the name of Istabilāt, and lies on the verge of the plateau. Away in the distance the Tigris shone like a thread of silver laid on the misty plain, and the golden domes and minarets of Samarra rose glittering through the mellow haze on the further shore. Down on the river bank, where one rests in a peasant's hut, a struggling and vociferating troop of Persian pilgrims crowd into the boats under the gunwale is level with the rushing stream, and the brawny Arab boatmen with much strenuous effort bring their living freight safely to shore at a point half a mile lower down the river.

Samarra is the spot (according to Shiah tradition) where the twelfth Imām rests securely in his secret place until the time when he shall appear as the conquering Mahdi and lead the hosts of Islam to victory and dominion. To Gentiles it has a deeper interest as being the place where, fifteen centuries ago, the Emperor Julian fell mortally wounded by a Persian arrow. Six centuries later it was the capital of the Beni Abbas Khalifs of Baghdad, and the great Moorish gateway to the north of the town is about all that is left of the Palace of Motassam Billāh, the eighth despot of that dynasty. Three years before the visit we are describing our travellers had ridden for hours through the vast extent of ruins which line the Tigris bank, and had wondered at the utter desolation that had come to pass where the Arabs have named the land *Sarrā man rā*, Samarra, or, "the heart of him rejoiced that beheld it." The riders rested with the dull and kindly peasants. They knew nothing of, and cared nothing for, the forgotten glories of their race and name, and but dimly felt or hoped a way out of present toil and trouble. Meanwhile the stranger's gifts were tangible and certain, and he was therefore welcome.

On the morrow the travellers rode due north, and passed in the grey dawn the crumbling ruins of the Abbaside Palace of Ashik, or "Love's Abode." They came down to the Tigris bank again, where was an encampment of Dthalem Arabs, and spent the burning mid-day hours under the black tents. Opposite on the further shore was the white dome of Imām Dura, the tomb of some old Moslem saint—an ancient place, for Polybius tells us of the fortified town of Dura as playing a part in the wars of Antiochus against the Medes and Persians. Somewhere about here Jovian brought the broken and harassed remnant of the

Roman army across the river, on the fifth day after the death of Julian. And it must have been hard by that the ten thousand Greeks, abandoned and betrayed a thousand miles from their native shore, set out with such dauntless courage on that march which lives for ever in the pages of Xenophon. Some have told us that this was the spot where Nebuchadnezzar raised the golden image which he "set up in the plain of Dura in the province of Babylon." It may be so; names often cling for ever in these countries, where Arabic succeeded Babylonian, sister tongues of one family. What bygone ages live in this tract of desert, where a few nomads pitch their tents! The Arabs will give you of what they have to give—sour milk, a little butter and cheese; but the great busy world of to-day comes not near them, or touches them hardly closer than the remote ages among the dust of which they dwell. That evening the old town of Takrit lay before the party, perched on the steep and rugged bank of the old river. Darkness was closing over the lonely and silent desert, and the town seemed dark and silent as the grave. The Arab hostess of three years before rose up hastily, with wondering ejaculations of welcome, and let her guests enter the courtyard, where they rested with great content under the open sky. Nothing was changed. It is here that "changes never come," and if that be an element of bliss this country ought to be blessed. Takrit is the birthplace of Saladin, and had a bishop of the Christian Church of the East for long ages, whose throne was set up in the church the ruins of which still stand on the border of the rocky ravines just outside the town. The party arrived, worn and weary, at close of day, to ride out again into the stony desert at dead of night.

And now the first breath of the refreshing *khamis* was wafted across the path from the north; at first a breath, steady and persistent, stirring the heated air; then a breeze, which blew with strong and steady force across the face of the desert, driving the dust in long, low-lying clouds and yellow columns, which went scudding and whirling over the bare mounds and along the winding valleys. The sonorous Arabic of the poet's satire rose to the mind as the storm-driven desert dust lashed spitefully at faces and eyes:—

Sad remnant of a race are we, and wear
Upon our brows the marks of cruel fate,
Outworn with toil, with feeble feet we fare,
Like men who at the wine do tarry late.
Shelter we sought within a place of prayer,
The tempest drove us forth with angry gust,
And all around us, whirled from everywhere,
Spread blackest pall of desert sand and dust.
No place, my friends, for such as we to stay;
So pack the beasts and start while yet 'tis day;
Nor wonder that the winds are rude, for they
But give the greeting every guest receives that comes by
Siwār's way!

Siwār was a Persian, and Mutanabbi had cause to remember the churlishness of the race. Down on the river-side meadows of Karnina the Jabburs gave the travellers the more hospitable Arab welcome whereon they made themselves at home in the Sheikh's tent, and for the remainder of the day sat on the ground in the centre of a great crowd of Arabs. These simple folk respond readily enough to the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Next day the Sheikh rode with the party, who turned their backs on the Tigris and began again to ascend the desolate plateau. To the left a rolling plain, on the right the rugged precipices and gorges of the Mākhul range, a continuation of the Hamrin range on the other side of the river which foams and roars in the rocky channel between. From the summit of the white and burning rocks that overhang the little oasis of Belalidj one looked for the distant towers of Al Hathr westward across the desert, and could just distinguish the faintest outline of the ruined walls. But the summer heat was too advanced to risk the long detour through a waterless desert to reach the solitary and mysterious ruins of the old Parthian city. Then came the crossing of the mouth of the Valley of Hell, Wadi Jahannam named of the Arabs, and there was haste to escape from the glare and heat of the naked glittering rocks in that ill-omened gorge. The Jabbur Sheikh led the way through precipitous ravines to the bed of the Tigris valley. But the mules were lost to view, and, after long scanning the horizon from the summit of a rocky pinnacle, one saw them like specks in the distance wending their own way to Sherghat, and who knows what prowling bands of Badawin may be lying in wait among the solitary mounds? "To Sherghat, O Sheikh, as hard as you can go; look out for Shammars, and intercept that fool of a muleteer if there be danger!" Away dashed the Sheikh down rock and ravine. Soon he stood out in relief against the sky on the top of the great mound and waved his spear, his signal that the coast was clear, then disappeared on his way to meet the mules. The others followed, and rested under the shadow of the wall of Sheikh Fartān's fort awaiting the caravan. Utter silence and solitude brooded over thirty centuries of desolation.

The great mound rises in massive terraces of brick above the Tigris, a hoary monument of almost fabulous antiquity and the days when Nimrod went forth into Asshur and built Nineveh. The ruins may be those of Asshur (Gen. x. 11, margin), or possibly of Calah; the Arabic name of Kalaab Shergāh may be a distant echo of either name. The mound slopes towards the Tigris; and behind, fronting the plain, the walls of brick rise up sheer, enormous, Titanic—huge square bricks, each one a load for a man. High up on the summit of the mound is a tower, in

which a dark, narrow, vaulted passage has been uncovered; and all round the tower are huge heaps and excrescences that cover who knows what secret chambers and treasure-houses of primeval lore and legend in sculptured stone and graven marble. The party camped in the shadow of the mountain of brick, and realized, more than among the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, the vast resources of naked human strength at command of these giant builders of old and the daring might of that towering ambition the tragic story of which is so briefly told. "Go to, let us make brick and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar. And they said Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth." That night a soaking, drizzling rain covered the surface of the desert with a sodden, sticky coating of mud. It seemed best to creep into a thicket of low bushes, and clear a space for a fire. But the dripping brushwood would not burn, and there was nothing for it but to sit shivering in wet rugs and waiting for day. At an Arab encampment further on, a halting-place during a frightful downpour of rain, there was a sudden alarm of prowling Shammars, and every man rose from his place with gun or spear; there was a rush to horse, and away went the Arabs at headlong speed in the direction of the grazing camels. They returned across the plain, driving the camels before them with whoop and yell and waving of spears, wheeling and circling on their sure-footed little steeds. They drew up at last at the Sheikh's tent, which soon held the usual idle, gossiping, curious, coffee-drinking crowd. The Sheikh, a fine, stalwart young Arab, rode in company through the lovely slopes and hollows of the Wādi Kasab, or Valley of Reeds. The air was heavy with the sulphurous odour of the "slime pits," deep hollows in the desert filled with pitchy black bitumen.

Crossing the rugged verge of the plateau again, where from the crest of the ridge the broad Assyrian plains rolled away beneath, and in the background beyond the river the mountains of Assyria rose in terraced masses, our party gets down to the Tigris Valley once more. Across the river the great mound of Nimrud rises out of the level, one more of the buried cities of that old world whose beginnings were at Babel; the crumbling ruins of whose pride and magnificence have yielded their long-buried lore, to tell those of our own day what sort of men they were who raised these gigantic structures, how great, relentless, fierce, and proud, and bloody, until God's wrath fell upon them, and scattered them and their pride with the desert dust that is blown about their forgotten graves. The rude hovels of Hammān Ali, clustered at the foot of another great mound that hangs sheer over the river, were haunted by a wretched company, whom misery and disease and poverty had brought to the hot sulphur baths, in hope of relief or of alms. Later on, when the autumn heat has scorched the white streets of Mosul until they flame and glow with the breath of a fiery furnace, the jaded townsfolk will gather here to the cooler air of the desert and open river, and bathe themselves in the black and steaming waters of the hot springs, just as, doubtless, the old Ninevites used to come in the far-off centuries. One can picture the curled and jewelled Assyrians of the city, their brawny limbs relaxed and languid from the steaming bath, lounging on those breezy terraces that overhang the broad reach of their noble river. To-day a guard of half a dozen ill-clad and unpaid Turkish soldiers exact a grudging tribute on behalf of their Government from all who come to try the healing virtue of the hot springs.

At last, on the morrow, one looks down on a scene which might well repay the weary traveller for days and nights of desert toil. There lie the great mounds of Nineveh, and there is Mosul shut up within its encircling walls. Between the desolate mounds of the Assyrian city and the walls and minarets of the Moslem town the Tigris rolls its rapid flood, unchanged, unceasing, as it rolled in the dawn of history, when the sons of Noah began to get themselves a name upon the earth. Eastward across the scene the rocky range of the Jabal Maklub, with its Syrian convent of Mar Mati, shuts in the Assyrian plains, and eastward and northward the higher range of the Kurdistan mountains rises up peak beyond peak against the heaven of blue. Of Nineveh, buried and wellnigh forgotten, these huge mounds bear not a record on their crumbling surface. The bowels of them have yielded their treasures; but to read the tale they have to tell you must seek the sculptured record on the walls of modern galleries by the distant Thames. Ruin lies piled upon ruin in this land at every step. The dust of crumbling empires is blown about by every breeze; the sadness of desolation is in the air and weighs upon the spirits; one can almost hear "the wild beasts cry in their desolate houses and dragons in their pleasant palaces." One might say that even "the common law of Asiatic dynasties, the unceasing round of valour, greatness, discord, degeneracy, and decay," was at last played out, and that the sterile soil, unfit to nourish a valiant race, bore only the encumbering growth of humanity run to seed. This was the spot whence the great Zenghi, his greater son Nur-ud-din, and Salāh-ud-din, probably of the same great race, went forth to retrieve the fortunes of Islam, and shed a lustre even over the brood of the Osmānlī which seven centuries have not dimmed. Nineveh, it seems, was yet the mother of heroes. Twelve hundred years ago, too, what a stirring and awakening among the old Assyrian heaps when Heraclius met the Persian hordes of Chosroes, and long before that brief December day had closed the Persian host fell shattered to pieces before the might of Rome, and the name of Nineveh flashed out

once more from the darkness of forgotten ages! But desolation is in her thresholds. Only the strong hand of an imperial race, determined to make and to hold a peaceful empire secure from plunder and oppression among the shattered wreck and ruin of plundered Asia, can restore peace and plenty to wasted lands such as these. The highway to India lies through these regions; who holds Western Asia holds a gate to conquest or to power in lands in which, if she is wise, England will suffer no meddling with her destiny.

AN ILL-ADVISED GOVERNOR.

A SOMEWHAT elaborate review of the whole subject by Lord Herschell, and a statement by Lord Cross in the Upper House, on Wednesday, mark the termination of a protracted scandal in Bombay, which will certainly not enhance the reputation of the Governor of that Presidency. Lord Cross, indeed, was obliged to qualify his official commendation of the Governor's general administration by admitting that he had been ill advised in one particular course. Ill advised was, perhaps, a more felicitous expression than the speaker intended; for Lord Reay seems to have had some evil genius at his elbow to whisper perverse counsels to him at every turn. The history of the whole business is a good example of how a Governor, even if he is actuated by the highest motives, ought not to do things. And Lord Reay undoubtedly displayed considerable moral courage and independence in attacking Mr. Crawford—a high official who enjoyed great prestige and popularity. After a preliminary blunder as to the mode of procedure to be directed against Mr. Crawford, a strong Commission was appointed by the Government of India to inquire into the case. The report of the Commission fully justified Lord Reay in having moved in the matter. It disclosed a state of things existing round Mr. Crawford which could not have grown up but for his reckless impecuniosity, and Mr. Crawford was removed from the service—a decision which no one has questioned. But the Commission exonerated Mr. Crawford from the charge of personal corruption. And the Government of Bombay had got it into their heads that somehow or other Mr. Crawford was blacker than he was painted and personally corrupt. Instead, therefore, of accepting the Commission's Report, the very ill-advised Governor immediately proceeded to retry the finding in an academical armchair manner; a measure which not only revolted the ordinary British dislike of seeing a man trampled on when he is down, and exposed Lord Reay to an unfortunate suspicion of vindictiveness against Mr. Crawford, but also argued little respect for the Commission, or for the superior authority which he had solicited to appoint it. However, the Bombay Government had in the end to learn the impropriety of exceeding their functions, but not until a good deal of bad blood had been excited.

Naturally, therefore, the outcry was all the louder when it dawned upon people that, in order to secure evidence against Mr. Crawford, the Government had entered into some very questionable engagements. Native officials had been induced to come forward and acknowledge the giving of bribes to one Hanmatrao, who represented himself as Mr. Crawford's agent in selling official patronage, by a promise of immunity from the results of their disclosures. And it appeared that this immunity did not mean pecuniary compensation or guarantee against a criminal prosecution, but the actual retention of the offices which in certain cases they confessed to have obtained by corruption. It was obvious that the continued enjoyment of office by these discreet gentlemen was entirely opposed to every principle and maxim of English policy. Their removal was at once demanded; but Lord Reay either could not or would not see the justice of the demand. There was no knowing where things would have drifted to, when, just at this juncture, as an Elizabethan dramatist or Mr. Browning might have said, "in steps me Law." Legal proceedings being instituted against one of the peccant native officials, a judge of the High Court, Mr. Jardine, was obliged to remind the Bombay Government that a well-known statute of George III., which had been specially extended to India, absolutely prohibited the continuance in office of any official convicted of corrupt trafficking. The reminder must have been unpleasant for an ill-advised Governor, who presumably must have entirely overlooked the statute in question. Indeed, the Bombay Government appear to have stoutly contested the evident applicability of the statute to India; but we gather from Lord Cross's statement that the Home Government can have had no doubts on the matter. Here, then, was an awkward position. The Government of Bombay had pledged itself to keep certain officials in their places, and the said officials were disabled by statute from remaining in employment.

If, then, the Bombay Government were not to be entirely thrown over, and it must exercise a very bad effect for any Government in India to break its pledges, some expedient had to be devised to reconcile its undertakings as far as possible with the statute. The Indian Secretary accordingly announced to the House that he means to steer a middle course. Those officials in the Crawford case who confessed to gross and palpable bribery are to go. There is no help for it. But those who did—and, as Lord Herschell pointed out, a large number undoubtedly did—pay bribes under extreme pressure, in order to avoid the supersession or degradation with which they were menaced or fancied they were menaced, are to be more leniently treated. They are to be

declared not to come within the scope of the statute at all. The arrangement is not altogether a satisfactory one, and involves a certain straining of the law. But it is the only way of getting over the difficulty, and must be thankfully accepted as closing a disagreeable incident.

REVIEWS.

A REVIVED POET.*

IN one of his novels Mr. Walter Besant draws a poet who tried and failed, some time in the Fifties, and who lingers on, not trying in public any more. Somebody, to please this poet, intercalates a sham page of laudatory notice in a copy of the *Saturday Review*, and the good-natured trick is successful. Mr. Gerald Massey tried, as a poet, some time ago, and perhaps it would not be unfair to say that he succeeded about as much as the other minor poets—that is, not very much. But now he is revived, and in two neat pocket volumes of his "*Lyrical Life*." We sincerely wish that we could praise him as heartily as the sham *Saturday Review* praised Mr. Besant's minstrel. But we are compelled to admit that Mr. Massey's two volumes leave us with the most profound esteem for his heart, but not with a very high opinion of the distinction of his genius. It might be unfair or unkind to say that Mr. Massey reminds us of an inoffensive and amiable Mr. Robert Buchanan. There is, however, the same fluency, the same mastery of the manifest, the same ease in the obvious, the same sort of creditable approach to success. But it is all infinitely more amiable and suave and kindly, so that we really like Mr. Massey's Muse, and are confident that she often brings pleasure and consolation.

Mr. Massey innocently furnishes the critic with a prose preface about himself and his works and ideas. Fun might be made of this preface with its artless complacency. But this industry of fun-making is really too easy work. Mr. Massey informs the world and the ages that he is English to the heart core, which is true, and that he was a Home Ruler (like Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and the rest) thirty years ago. He also explains that "his faith in future life is based on facts in nature," by which we understand him to mean spiritual manifestations. He "has ample testimony that his poems have done welcome work, if only in helping to destroy the tyranny of death." This is a large triumph, and we congratulate Mr. Massey. He adds that, in spite of this really remarkable achievement, "I see myself referred to at times as a poet who has not fulfilled the promise of his early work!" (The note of exclamation is Mr. Massey's.) How unkind! and who has been thus referring to Mr. Massey? It cannot have been the *Saturday Review*, which is quoted as a journal that praises Mr. Massey's "rising strength and indomitable vigour." Mr. Massey cannot say we did it. With a certain genial indiscretion Mr. Massey publishes an extract, which we are rather sorry to read, from a private letter of Mr. Matthew Arnold's. Mr. Massey might leave that form of advertisement to another class of artists; the letter was probably not meant for publication. However, we are lingering too fondly over Mr. Massey's advertisements and his preface, in which he speaks of Woman's Suffrage and kindred matters.

As to Mr. Massey's verse, it is almost anything that is good; but, as a rule, is not often poetry. Why it is not poetry most critical readers will feel, and it might be a useful exercise to put the feeling into explicit words. Take *Babe Christabel*, in the metre of *In Memoriam*: it is full of pretty things. For instance, the mother of the child is written about in this way:—

How she had throbbed with hopes and fears,
And strained her inner eyes till dim,
To see the expected glory swim
Through the rich mist of happy tears.

This is pleasingly stated; but the swimming glory and the rich mist of happy tears are Tennyson at second hand.

All night, beneath the cottage eaves,
A lonely light, with tremulous Arc,
Surged back a space the sea of dark,
And glanced among the shimmering leaves.

Pastiche! But the original owner of rich mists of happy tears would scarcely have said

They never saw a wee white shroud,
Nor guessed how flowers will mask the grave.

The "wee" shroud is a wrong note, and the flowers masking the grave are an example of the most ordinary commonplace. And so it is throughout. The sentiments are excellent and kindly; the versification is fair and fluent, but the metaphors are a little mixed; the ideas are outward, "common is the commonplace." Yet it is highly probable that verse on this level does charm and console people whom higher poetry can hardly reach; and, so far, the work deserves esteem, and from its admirers gratitude. "Cousin Winnie," as it is more familiar, and does not aim so high and has not a manifest original, is really a better piece. Mr. Massey's allegorical strains, such as "*The Youth and the Angel*," with the lady who was "lip-luscious," are not all devoid of platitude of the honest Teutonic variety. An angel took a walk with

* *Gerald Massey's Poems*. London : Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

a young man, the youth's taste was offended by a dead dog, and the angel's by the lady who was lip-luscious, and had delicate tinkling feet.

Turning from domestic sentiment (in which, we think, he is most at home) Mr. Massey writes about ancient Egypt, a topic which he has also treated with more energy, we think, than judgment or scholarship in prose:—

Strike the Ap-Ap monster breathless, break his bones, in pieces hew
The coils he rings them with who voyage to the Aah-en-Ku.

Old Egypt, like new Egypt, brings us little luck in poetry as in politics. In one honest song of kindly feeling Mr. Massey shows very much better than in his unprovoked assault on the Ap-Ap monster:—

We just shake hands at meeting
With many that come nigh;
We nod the head in greeting
To many that go by,—
But welcome through the gateway
Our few old friends and true;
Then hearts leap up, and straightway
There's open house for you.
Old Friends,
There's open house for you!

Indeed, the less ambitious Mr. Massey is; the more he speaks from the heart, not the head, and the more briefly he speaks the more he attains true, though not lofty, poetry. There are echoes of more sweet and powerful verses here and there, as in this:—

Av., 'tis a tale of olden
Time, long long ago;
When the world was in its golden
Prime, and love was lord below.
[Banners, yellow, glorious, golden
On its roof did float and flow;
This, all this was in the olden
Time, long ago.
Mr. Massey is beholden,—
Much,—to Edgar Allan Poe!]

But Poe would never, in a song entitled "My Love," have observed that the lady was

Just a wee bit sly.

This is just a wee bit wanting in taste, not to speak of dignity. In fact, Mr. Massey is too fond of wee shrouds, wee bits, wee graves, wee wifies, and other phrases endearing in the sacred intimacies of home, but unworthy of the Muse. He is no Tahureau, and even Tahureau abused diminutives.

Mr. Massey has a national note in his lyre. He appears to have been at Sydney when the Australians volunteered for service in the Sudan. It was not their fault that they had little or no chance of proving their mettle. They have, of course, been denounced as "Jingoes" by people who hold some of Mr. Massey's political opinions. His own heart, as usual, is in the right place:—

The life-streams of the Mother
Through all her youngsters run,
And brother stands by brother,
To die with one another,
All ready and all one!

Mr. Massey says with perfect truth that he is true English, and he has written some stirring songs for England:—

In words she wasteth not her breath,
But be the trumpet blown,
And in the Battle's dance of death
She'll dance the bravest down.

So may it be; but it is hardly correct to say that "in words she wasteth not her breath." Mr. Massey's "Poems for Christie" contain, among many pleasant domestic pieces, a curious visionary tale, "The Nabob's Double," too long to quote, but well worth reading. Many of his brief pieces have a happy concentration, as this on the "Souls of Animals":—

Such look of an immortal likeness, springs
At times into the eyes of dear dumb things,
As if hereafter we must recognize
The Unknown Life that knew us in their eyes.

He sees not only the soul in animals, but the good in Tom Sayers, and he recognized in Mr. Thackeray the man

Large-hearted, brave, sincere, compassionate.

In fact, Mr. Massey has a thousand claims on our sympathy, even if we cannot believe in the sublime of his long poems, such as his "Tale of Eternity." On his political poems it is as well not to write, for politics will colour criticism of poems political. Mr. Massey has a piece called "A Reviewer Reviewed," in which he declares himself "quite content with critical half and half." It is a modest frame of mind, and almost unexampled among poets. They usually want nothing but nectar "or ambrosial dew." Critical half and half, in the native pewter, is not at all beyond what Mr. Massey deserves, and it may even be trusted that he will sometimes be refreshed with some richer and rarer beverage. At all events, he does not seem to be a water-drinking bard. In a piece on the death of Mr. Russell, the editor of the *Scotsman*, he says:—

Walhalla! rise and welcome him
Across the Braga-beaker's rim;
And, that his glory may be full,
Brim high some water-drinker's skull.

NOVELS.*

THE MILROYS ought to have come out in a ladies' journal; for the descriptions of how the different characters are "gowned" would be a valuable addition to the columns on dress. Woman's work is not depicted on a very formidable scale; it is the work done by three charming young ladies, one of whom rejoices in a "swele" figure, and it consists of decorative painting and novel-writing. Their poverty (for they work for their bread) is of the picturesque kind, and means wearing tea-gowns and "Liberty-blue wrappers," and being waited on by a devoted retainer, who hands round afternoon tea in livery. They settle down in a village which is of the Cranford type, as it might seem in a nightmare, where they shock some of the inhabitants and dazzle others by their ways. The Vicar is much pleased with them, and pronounces that "they are ladies every one; no need to look for the hall-mark." Mr. Besant, in his letter accepting the dedication of the book, hopes that "it may be a work of education and help." We fear it will not be either the one or the other; for, though a great many platitudes are aired about women working for themselves and "adopting one special line—it matters not what the line may be, whether house-decoration, journalism, or plain sewing, provided it is the best of its kind"—the young ladies with the hall-mark, who are supposed to exemplify this truth, are all of the highly ornamental type, and their chief work in life is selecting husbands from among their numerous suitors. The youngest girl, who is always called Baby, even refuses a lord. It is true he talks more like a chemist's assistant; but he is the owner of broad acres. If the style and taste, not to speak of the matter, of the book leave much to be desired, we can heartily recommend it for the number of quotations from Shakspeare. There are at least three at the beginning of each chapter; and, though their connexion with the subject in hand is not very clear, one is much too grateful for their sustaining presence to cavil at this.

Off with the Old Love is a very good-humoured book, rattled off by the author with such evident faith in human nature, and in novel-readers in especial, that it disarms criticism. It is chiefly composed of rapid interchange of ideas between the characters in the smartest style and choicest slang. The story is very much after the manner of Miss Broughton; but the author evidently gets frightened of her plot and runs away from it in the middle. The scene is Menaggio, where two American beauties with their timid mother and a nursery party to supply the comic element are disporting themselves with three young men. Captain Stopford, the most desirable of them, is supposed to be in the toils of a fascinating Lady Lawlor, "with warm, dark, dissipated eyes, which seemed to reflect back strange scenes they had looked upon," who is also of the party with her elderly husband. Stopford, however, reveals in as tender language as his familiarity with slang will allow that Lessie Leigh, the liveliest of the two girls, is the real object of his affections. When this makes itself clear Lady Lawlor, in whose train Stopford has been travelling through Italy, becomes dangerous, and declares that she will make use of a dark episode in her early life when, as a forlorn governess, she had flung herself on the mercy of Stopford and very nearly made him marry her. He had written her name as his wife in the hotel-book, and Lady Lawlor, fired by a case in New York which just then appeared in the papers of a woman trying to claim a married man as her husband because they had been registered as man and wife in an hotel, threatens to take the same course and throw her wealthy baronet to the winds in order to clutch Stopford. Thus a little pretence is made to cast difficulties in the lovers' path, which might otherwise be too crudely joyous. There is a handsome dying Frenchman, whose prominence on the scene is never accounted for, and an extravaganza American aunt, who plays antics in the background. People obliged to stay at home will find the book an excellent substitute for a week in a second-rate hotel abroad, the society of which it exactly portrays.

The Secret of Fontaine-la-Croix may be safely recommended to young people recovering from brain-fever or in any condition when the use of the mind is forbidden. It is true that there are elements which might be exciting, and that Mme. St. Hilaire, whose face alone revealed some awful tragedy, kept her husband's corpse embalmed in a mysterious room of her château; but the whole tone of the book is mild, missish, and unreal. It is a gentle story of French life, rather nicely told, though the attempt to create "atmosphere" by writing in a kind of translated French is tiresome. The theme is the inexhaustible one of an English girl who takes up her abode in a French family, where she finds a thrilling young Count engaged to the butterfly daughter of the house. One knows from the first what is bound to take place in this kind of school-room novel between the interesting young visitor and the fiery Count—mysterious aversion on her part melting into tender passion, self-suppression on both sides, inevitable revelation of sentiments (in this case under the tusks of a wild boar), heroic renunciation and retirement of the heroine into obscure life, while the hero marries out of duty. As this

* *The Milroys: a Tale of Woman's Work.* By Nomad. 1 vol. London: Mayson Beeton. 1889.

Off with the Old Love. By N. F. B. 2 vols. London: F. V. White. 1889.

The Secret of Fontaine-la-Croix. By Margaret Field. 1 vol. London: F. V. White. 1889.

Saint Ilario. By Marion Crawford. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

happens in the middle of the volume, one feels sure that much is still in store for the heroine, and after five years' interval we find her re-established in the château, keeping guard over the giddy young wife, while the husband is away at Martinique on business. An insurrection in the village, excited by sinister rumours about the embalmed body, the burning of the château, and anxiety about her husband, who is now taking part in the French and German war, do their work on the poor little butterfly, so the path is now clear for the heroine, who acts the guardian angel without swerving, as indeed we all should with such opportunities. We fear that those no longer in their teens will not have sufficient imagination to think that the characters exist anywhere beyond the school-room threshold, and will have had too much experience of young men to believe without overwhelming proof in a lover who thinks nothing of carrying a young lady for half a league.

Sant' Ilario is a continuation of *Saracinesca*, and so much enamoured is Mr. Crawford of his subject that he holds out a hope to his readers that there is more, much more, to come. After all it does not much matter what Mr. Crawford takes for his theme, so long as he continues his present method of writing by the inch, or rather by the yard, without even a standard of what Sydney Smith calls "decent debility." In these days of mania for drawing life ugly, and drawing it mean, there is something refreshing in an author who never deviates from producing stories on a grand scale and giving us operatic performances where the scene shifts from brilliant moonlight to dungeon darkness. There are no fine shades which require attention, and there is a holiday sense of unlimited romance. It is not surprising that his present subject is dear to him, for shadowy Roman palaces, and the vague outlines of the princes and princesses with which he peoples them, suit him exactly. *Sant' Ilario* is the title of Prince Saracinesca's eldest son, and begins where *Saracinesca* ended, with Giovanni and Corona in a state of boundless wedded bliss. In spite, however, of the Prince's adoration for his glorious wife, he has only to see a pin which belongs to her, and a love-letter written in a feigned hand on paper with her crest, on the dressing-table of a young Zouave, to be convinced of her unfaithfulness. Thus the happiness of the pair is conveniently destroyed, and material for a three-volume novel provided. The suspicious letter was really written by San Giacinto, Saracinesca's cousin, though it purported to be from a lovely young Princess Faustina with a "fatal" countenance. San Giacinto wrote it because he discovered that Faustina, whose sister he was going to marry, was in love with the Zouave, and in order to prevent her compromising the family honour he took upon himself to concoct this letter postponing a concerted meeting. From this conduct, and from the description of his sinister appearance, one would expect him to be the villain of the book; but this is not the case. He is an excellent person, by birth the head of the Saracinesca family, though all his rights to that position were legally renounced by a former generation in favour of *Sant' Ilario*'s father. Having made a modest fortune as an innkeeper, he proposes to marry the daughter of the grasping Prince Montevarchi. The latter conceives a plan to restore to his son-in-law the position and possessions he had been deprived of by adding a sentence to the document. He finds a forger of the first-water ready for the task in the person of his librarian, who agrees to do the work for a large sum. The paper is forged, the Saracinesca ousted, and a series of startling events is the result. The wicked old Prince is murdered; Faustina is accused of the murder on no other ground than that she had high words with her father about the Zouave; her friend, the injured Corona, calls on her husband to effect Faustina's release; Giovanni is so unhappy at his wife's loss of love for him after his unworthy suspicions that he gladly declares himself the murderer and is locked up by the bewildered Cardinal. Rome makes a prominent and picturesque background to all these wild proceedings, especially as the date is 1867, so that there are opportunities for the Pope's soldiers and Garibaldi's volunteers to march across the stage and make a stir. Though the characters might belong to any nation under the sun, their surroundings and the external details are described with evident knowledge and easy fluency.

PROFESSOR THOROLD ROGERS'S LECTURES ON ECONOMIC HISTORY.*

WHATEVER be the other merits or defects of Professor Rogers's latest contribution to economic science, it is at least eminently characteristic of the author. The volume is composed of a course or courses of lectures on the economic interpretation of history, delivered before the University of Oxford. The lectures were, as the Professor informs us, "very numerously attended." The contents are of the most miscellaneous character—autobiographical details, personal reminiscences of "great men and greater deeds," political insinuations, and economic deductions jostle each other in pleasing variety; while the University itself, distinguished opponents and no less distinguished friends, are the impartial objects of that delicate and discriminating satire for which Mr. Rogers is so justly famous. The references to the University are, considering the person and the place, peculiarly

becoming. We learn, for example, the reasons why the University was for so long a period deprived of the services of one of its most distinguished scholars. "I have been restored," writes the Professor in his preface, "to an office of which I was deprived because I traced certain social mischiefs to their origin twenty years ago." The Professor deserves the thanks of the world of letters for thus authoritatively settling a matter over which future biographers might otherwise have been tempted to dispute. Again, in reference to the history of rent, Mr. Rogers expresses himself with equal modesty and consideration for the feelings of his inferior colleagues. "More than twenty years ago," he says, "I pointed out the nature of the problem and its inevitable solution. I suffered the ordinary fate of those who are more farsighted than the people among whom they live—no great feat here." In another equally characteristic allusion he says, "I should like to know a little of the statistics of the unemployed. They are not yet forthcoming, except in so far as I obtained a Parliamentary return of the Oxford and Cambridge professors." Somewhat later he seems to insinuate even graver charges against his University. The effect of a warm eulogium on the House of Commons is thus materially enhanced. "People may, if they please, criticize the conduct of the House of Commons . . . But no critic can charge it with being corrupt, with its members being influenced by personal advantage in their political action, with any motive more ignoble than ambition. In this it can be contrasted to its honour with every other Parliament, with every other British institution, even with the University of Oxford." We are equally unconcerned to attack the purity of the House of Commons, in which the attainment of emolument by political action is unknown, and to defend the corruption of Mr. Rogers's University, in which the refusal of profitable offices because a man differs with those who have them in their gift is universal. If the task is pressing, it will, we doubt not, enlist the services of champions more worthy of Mr. Rogers's steel.

From topics which may be assumed to have little more than local or academic interest we may follow Mr. Rogers to others of more general concern. For many reasons these Economic Lectures will amply repay an attentive perusal. "My reader will find that I occasionally refer to the experiences which I gained when I was in the House of Commons." For once the Professor greatly understates the facts. Never until we read this volume had we realized, to our shame it must be confessed, how great were the political services which Mr. Rogers had bestowed upon an ungrateful country, nor how bright was the promise of the career so unkindly interrupted by an unthinking metropolitan constituency. We are now enabled to see those services in their true perspective; to understand the distress of the Radical party at losing so distinguished a colleague, and to realize, as we never realized before, the terrible weight of responsibility which lies upon the heedless electors of Bermondsey. We would gladly do tardy justice to Mr. Rogers by collecting from this volume all the instances of fearless advocacy of the cause of the poor and friendless, of well-timed rebuke addressed to a backsiding Legislature, of economical acumen and of political foresight to which Mr. Rogers refers with so much pardonable pride. But one or two instances must suffice. "About twenty-five years ago Mr. Goldwin Smith and myself called public attention to the cost of the British Colonies," says our author. What was the result? The public, as so often happens, were blind to their own interests and heedless of their best friends. "Mr. Goldwin Smith and I were credited with a design of breaking up the unity of the British Empire, and had to pay the usual penalties for premature wisdom." The defenders of the principle of Imperial Unity may indeed take courage. To have encountered such perils, even though unconsciously, and to have survived them, must assuredly fill the hearts of Imperialists with an easy confidence for the future. At least they know the worst. But Mr. Rogers's political efforts were not confined to Colonial questions. It appears from his lecture on the Protectionist Movement (though the relevancy of the information is not immediately apparent) that Mr. Howard Vincent before he became a member of the House of Commons induced the Home Office to propound a Bill which would have made every pawnbroker a *prima facie* criminal. But there was in the House of Commons at least one vigilant defender of the rights of the threatened interest. So long as Southwark was loyal to its chosen representative there could never be wanting a champion of the oppressed. That obnoxious Bill "I," says the Professor, "effectually extinguished."

In the whole range of practical finance there is no question more confessedly intricate and bewildering than the proper incidence of local taxation. To the discussion of this question Mr. Rogers devotes one of the most luminous chapters in the book. From this we learn that the principles on which local taxation should be based are far less disputable than we had supposed. Indeed the path of future Chancellors is rendered perfectly clear by "The Motion of March 23, 1886." We regretfully confess that this historic pronouncement had slipped our memory. Mr. Rogers is good enough to refresh it. "With these views and on these grounds," so he concludes the lecture to which we refer, "I made my motion in the House of Commons on March 23, 1886, when I proposed that for the future local taxation should, as in Scotland and Ireland, be divided into moieties of which the owner should contribute one part, the occupier another; power being given to the occupier to deduct the owner's moiety from his rent. This motion I carried by a majority of forty after a prolonged debate. In less than three months the decision of the

* *The Economic Interpretation of History.* By James E. Thorold Rogers, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford, &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

House of Commons was followed by a political cataclysm. *But I have no doubt* (the italics are our own) as to what the solution of the question will hereafter be, and that the precedent of 1886 will be followed in the settlement of a system which is still exciting increasingly grave discontents." We have culled at random three instances of Mr. Rogers's political action as recorded in this volume. But we have quoted enough, we trust, to convince the most careless reader of the important part played in English politics by the Oxford Professor during the last quarter of a century; enough to give fresh emphasis to the ancient reflection that the unheeding world knows little even of its greatest men.

We turn from the political and autobiographical portion of the work to that which is more specially expository and economical. We should be the last to dispute the fact that Professor Rogers has given to the world a voluminous work on economic statistics, or that on many portions of social history he is entitled to speak as "one who has special knowledge." But is it quite necessary that Mr. Rogers should constantly reiterate his own special qualification? Is it not enough that the qualification has been substantially recognized in the proper quarter? In truth, much of the best work which this volume contains (and it contains much that is excellent) is marred by this pretentious self-assertion. In the opening of the chapter on Rent, for example, Mr. Rogers declares, perhaps with more truth than taste (we have ventured to italicize the first personal pronoun):—

In dealing with this controversy . . . I can claim some special advantages. I am the only person who has examined rents historically. I have studied the history of the same estates in some cases for more than six centuries. . . . I can state with perfect certainty what this land produced in corn six centuries ago, and I can also state what it produced at different periods between that remote starting-point and the present time. I know that, while the value of its corn produce has risen in money units or symbols about eight times since my investigation began, the rent in the same units or symbols has risen eighty times. I may believe a great deal in "the indestructible powers of the soil," though I should be very credulous if I held that the fertility of any soil was indestructible, as I think every practical agriculturist would be too. But I am sure, &c.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to point out that, were Mr. Rogers's modest claim literally admitted, criticism would be at once superfluous and impertinent. But at least it may be permissible to point out that Mr. Rogers is not always consistent with himself. In an interesting lecture on the distribution of wealth in England at different epochs the lecturer takes occasion to point out that the population of England and Wales from the beginning of recorded historical history to the end of the sixteenth century was "never in excess of two and a half millions, and was often less." According to a subsequent calculation the population had reached this maximum at the end of the reign of Edward III. (1377). The calculation will be found on p. 157. As to its substantial accuracy we have no doubt. But in a later lecture (p. 263) Mr. Rogers asserts that the Great Plague of 1349 had destroyed a third of the people. This estimate is probably below the mark; but, assuming its substantial accuracy, what becomes of the original assertion that *at no time* did the population exceed two millions and a half? Mr. Seeböhm, in a well-known article, has suggested strong grounds for the supposition that the population of England before the Plague was nearly five millions, and that the Plague itself swept off at least half the population. This estimate entirely agrees with Mr. Rogers's estimate for 1377, but both surely are strikingly at variance with the original proposition. Again, there would seem to be something of inconsistency in the illustration with which Mr. Rogers elucidates his argument against preferential duties. It is doubtless true, as the lecturer observes, that the economical disadvantages of slavery outweigh any economical profit which can be gotten from it. But if this be so, how came it, as the Professor alleges, that "some of the loudest humanitarians in Jamaica and Barbadoes had been in the habit of importing slave-grown sugar from Brazil and Cuba, and exporting it to England as genuine free-soil produce"?

Professor Rogers is a great stickler for historical accuracy, and frequently speaks with unmeasured scorn of certain other contemporary historians scarcely less distinguished than himself. But even Professor Rogers is not quite immaculate on this score. If Mr. Froude has unduly exalted the virtues of the "Patriot King," Henry VIII., has not Mr. Rogers somewhat unfairly exaggerated the vices of the first Lord Salisbury and Mr. Pitt? Mr. Rogers is, perhaps, not over-partial to the House of Cecil. In two several lectures he reiterates the opinion that the first Lord Salisbury "instigated the war between King and Parliament; the next was a regicide in fact" (p. 136). Again, "I know nothing in the irony of history more striking than the fact that the son of the first Lord Salisbury of the House of Cecil took part, as he virtually did by sitting among the Lords on the memorable 30th of January, in the execution of the son of that King whom the first Lord Salisbury instigated to quarrel with his Parliament by doing what that Parliament conceived to be illegal, and constantly resented." We cannot conceive what induced the learned Professor to go out of his way to reiterate an historical calumny so gross and so gratuitous. It would be difficult to invent an accusation more entirely groundless or more conspicuously refutable by facts within the knowledge of the most careless reader of English history. On such a matter we make no apology for preferring the careful and responsible statements of Mr. Gardiner to the *obiter dictum* of Mr. Rogers. And Mr. Gardiner has proved to demonstration that no man laboured more assiduously to avert the coming conflict between Crown and Par-

liament, and to remove by a reasonable and timely settlement the most conspicuous cause of financial irritation, than did the first Lord Salisbury. Mr. Rogers's scathing sarcasm falls no less heavily on Mr. Pitt. "His contemporaries, especially those whom he favoured, called him a heaven-born Minister. I am afraid that I must assign his place of origin to a lower region, for it would be a strange heaven in which his policy would be acceptable." Among minor delinquencies, that great statesman is accused of having "hired the European monarchs in succession," and making "very unsuccessful bargains." But it is his financial administration that Mr. Rogers with characteristic temerity particularly impugns. "It is paraded of this personage," says the Professor, "that he was disciple of Adam Smith. There have been many disciples, from Gehazi and Judas onwards, who have misused the instruction which they have received. Pitt's finance was a disastrous reversal of Adam Smith's maxims, even during nine years of peace. It was to become worse and worse during the twenty-two years of the war into which he plunged the country." The "eminent friend" of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Cobden seems to have forgotten the financial achievements of one of the greatest of their predecessors. He has forgotten surely the policy of Pitt in reducing the Import-duties on articles generally consumed, and at that time hardly less generally smuggled; the proposals which would have conferred on Ireland, fifteen years before the Act of Union, the commercial advantages which were eventually secured to her by that Act; the accomplishment of a commercial treaty with France which was the prototype of the famous treaty negotiated by the efforts of Mr. Cobden. These trifling achievements seem to have slipped the Professor's memory.

Even the "unemployed" professors of a "corrupt" University have, we suppose, the right to political opinions, and perhaps even the right of giving expression to them—in the proper place. Of course something more of latitude must be permitted to a Professor who has played a distinguished part on the political stage; but we respectfully suggest that even he would be wiser to keep the two characters somewhat more distinct. It is possible that in the "very numerous" class which attended these lectures there might be one or two benighted beings to whom such a passage as the following would appear gratuitously offensive. It occurs in a lecture on Labour legislation. "They (*i.e.* the medieval legislators) never, to be sure, when they made the machinery of their discipline, and what they called law and order, more searching and more severe, declared that they had created no new crime, when their principal and successful effort was to render it impossible by studiously demoralizing the agents of law to distinguish between innocence and guilt." It would seem, too, somewhat lacking in dignity to interlard a lecture on the Protectionist movement with sarcastic allusions to the calling in which Mr. Howard Vincent served before his entrance into the House of Commons. We could well spare such irrelevant insinuations as the following:—"I presume that Mr. Howard Vincent does not want to merely increase taxes. In my opinion the distribution of the taxes already levied might well be put under the view of a financial director of criminal investigation with considerable advantage to public morality and to the taxpayer's pocket." Such gibes as this are admirably calculated to tickle the ears of the groundlings at obscure political assemblies; they are something less than decorous as the *ex cathedra* utterances of a University Professor.

It is necessary to speak thus plainly about the vulgarity and inordinate pretension which disfigure a work which is not without value in an economical sense. Mr. Rogers is a great, though not perhaps the only, authority on economic history—a fact which, were he not his own most inveterate enemy, would be more generally recognized than it is. And many of these lectures may be of great utility to the student of economics. The lecture on the Social Effect of Religious Movements; that on the Guild System; and that on the Estate of the Crown and the Doctrine of Resumption are especially interesting and suggestive. Some of the best lectures, however, or at least those which promise best, are the most disappointing by reason of the apparently incurable discursiveness of the lecturer. Not infrequently Mr. Rogers seems conscious of his failing, though seeking to justify the particular manifestation of it. The lectures on the "Origin of English Pauperism" and on "Domestic Manufactures" are instances of the Professor's inability to obey this first law of lecturing—strict adherence to the matter in hand. With much that he says as to the value of the historical method in opposition to the older and more barren metaphysical economics we are in complete accord.

But alike for those who agree and for those who disagree with Professor Rogers; for those who are blind to the value of his political services in the past; for those who can but inadequately appreciate his economic labours in the present, there is something of consolation. For as he himself, in reference to an episode in his own career, observes with no less elegance than truth, "To a sensible man convinced that he has no prejudices, but only facts before him which he is bound to interpret, obloquy, especially from a daily or weekly paper, is cackle."

LAW BOOKS.*

IT has long been admitted that every natural-born American citizen has the faculty of making a speech whenever he chooses, upon any subject that may arise, and for as long as may seem convenient. It is also known to many that large numbers of American citizens, natural-born or not, can go on writing novels about anything or nothing until their publishers cry, "Hold! enough." It would seem that in respect of topics more substantial than fictitious philandering a not less remarkable fluency distinguishes our Transatlantic cousins. Here is Dr. J. I. Clark Hare publishing two massive volumes, each nobly bound in calf, containing between them no fewer than 1,400 pages of disquisitions on American law, besides lxxxi other pages designed to assist the reader in the use of the 1,400. It seems that Dr. Clark Hare gives lectures at the University of Pennsylvania, and, having given fifty-nine lectures on the constitutional law of his interesting country, he has printed them all at full length, with the result already stated. Now, it "humbly appears," as Scotch judges say, to us, and we respectfully submit, that giving lectures is one thing and writing books another. Lectures ought to be—and generally are—diffuse, full of repetition, and comparatively rambling. Books, and particularly books about constitutional law, ought to be concise, methodically arranged, and sternly coherent. It is quite true that all the world could not, if it wanted to ever so much, be privileged to assist personally at the lectures of Dr. Clark Hare. But does any one really suppose that that part of it which has not been so privileged is going to sit down and read in cold blood what Dr. Clark Hare said to his class, now republished "with such additions and modifications as are made requisite by the current of decision [sic] and events"? For our part we utterly decline to do anything of the sort. His lectures were devised in order that clever or industrious lads should be incited by hearing them to go and study divers printed books, reports, judgments, and so on, and give themselves a thorough acquaintance and familiarity with that branch of the law of the United States which is mainly made and administered in the Supreme Court; and, further, that the stupid or idle lads who heard him should by dint of repetition, and the persuasiveness of the human tongue, get so much of the rudiments of the subject dinned into their heads as would enable them to face the examiner without disaster. They were not made in order that either philosophers engaged in the study of comparative jurisprudence, or lawyers desiring for personal reasons to acquaint themselves with the law of the American Constitution in its application to particular cases, should profit by what was said. There is a good deal about English constitutional law and the English Constitution in Dr. Hare's lectures, and this is rather good reading for Englishmen who care to see that particular aspect of ourselves as an industrious and intelligent gentleman in Pennsylvania sees it. Dr. Hare's view is in some respects novel. For instance, he observes that, though the judges have for some time been practically independent and safe in their offices, yet, if the House of Commons were to lose its temper, the removal of a judge might turn out to be a simpler task than the judges are apt to think. Naturally enough Dr. Hare fails to realize the sort of opinion an average Englishman has of a judge of the High Court and the sort of opinion he has of the House of Commons, and it is also likely that he hardly knows how completely the House of Commons is the slave of some sorts of public opinion.

It has seemed to Mr. W. F. Webster that that part of the law of conveyancing which relates to the vendor's particulars and the conditions of sale when land is sold is sufficiently distinct and extensive to deserve a book to itself. As a mere matter of artistic book-making this proposition can hardly be denied; but, for purposes of practice, so long as you know what you want to look for and where you may expect to find it, it does not really matter so very much whether it is in a big book or a little one. As the existing books on Vendor and Purchaser cover Mr. Webster's ground along with much more, the probable usefulness of his appears to depend chiefly on whether he has said what he has to say better than it is said elsewhere. It can hardly be said that Mr. Webster's work presents any striking features of improvement upon that of his predecessors. It is fairly well arranged, and particularly well got up physically. The references are embodied in the text, as all references in law-books should

* *American Constitutional Law.* By J. I. Clark Hare, LL.D. Boston (U.S.A.): Little, Brown, & Co. 1889.

The Law relating to Particulars and Conditions of Sale on a Sale of Land. By William Frederick Webster, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1889.

The Law relating to Goodwill. By Charles E. Allan, M.A. (Edin.), LL.B., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1889.

Wharton's Law Lexicon. Eighth edition. With Notices of the Statutes up to the end of 1888. By J. M. Lely, Esq., M.A., Barrister-at-Law, Editor of "Chitty's Statutes" &c. London: Stevens & Sons. 1889.

Wilson's Useful Handy Books—Income-tax, and How to get it Refunded. By Alfred Chapman, Esq. Sixth and revised edition. *Inhabited House Duty: How and When to Appeal.* By Alfred Chapman, Esq. *Law of Trustees.* By R. Denny Urbin, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. New and revised edition. *House-owners, Householders, and Lodgers.* By Jacobyn Augustus De Morgan, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. *The Law of Wills.* By C. E. Stewart, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. London: Ellingham Wilson & Co.

be. The stock of precedents is not particularly copious. The recent decision of the House of Lords in *Peele v. Derry* makes considerable havoc in Mr. Webster's chapter on Fraud.

Lord Justice Cotton once permitted himself to say that few people understood the meaning of the word goodwill. That or some other circumstance inspired Mr. C. E. Allan to prepare a monograph on the subject, and so far as we are aware there is no other volume, on this topic only, available for professional use. Mr. Allan's chapters deal with the definition and meaning of goodwill, with the rights it includes, the goodwill of solicitors' or doctors' practices, the involuntary or voluntary alienation of goodwill, goodwill affecting the value of land, and a discussion of agreements the validity of which has been questioned on the suggestion that they were sufficiently in restraint of trade to be against public policy. These topics are reasonably well handled, though perhaps here and there Mr. Allan's treatment is a trifle perfunctory. On the ground that the law of goodwill is "practically the same" in Scotland as in England, Mr. Allan has given particular attention to Scotch cases, and hopes his work may be useful to Scotch lawyers. We hope it may, but do not feel called upon to estimate the probability of that event. The author has also "referred to a number of American cases, when he has considered that they illustrated or developed the principles laid down in the English Courts." That is very proper, but he would do well, when he states a proposition for which his authority is only American, to mention the fact specifically in the text, instead of leaving his readers to find it out for themselves by observing the uncouth appearance of the reference in the foot-note.

We have received a new edition, the eighth, of Wharton's *Law Lexicon*. Like its predecessor, published six years ago, it is the work of Mr. J. M. Lely, who is perhaps best known as the editor of the current edition of *Chitty's Statutes*. This is a sufficient guarantee that the *Law Lexicon* now presents whatever advantages such a work is capable of attaining by being edited with industry, learning, and judgment. As the editions since the second have followed each other at pretty regular intervals of about five years, it seems that the work is practically useful.

A small stock of Messrs. Wilson's shilling handbooks on different branches of the law lies before us. That on Income-tax is the sixth edition, is, like its predecessors, the work of Mr. Alfred Chapman, and conveys much useful information about the recovery of money improperly exacted for Income-tax. It contains a statement that during the two or three years' existence of the "Income-tax Repayment Agency" there has been recovered by private individuals, either through the Agency or through their own efforts consequent on perusing Mr. Chapman's work, no less a sum than 90,000*l.* This is serious. In a country which can afford to dower the children of the Heir-Apparent to the amount of 36,000*l.* a year, but not to the amount of 40,000*l.*, it is clear that the disgorging of 30,000*l.* or 40,000*l.* annually must be a subject of much concern at Somerset House. If the calculation is accurate, it shows the value of Mr. Goschen's protests that no special or improper pressure has lately been put upon payers of Income-tax. It is safe to say that, if 90,000*l.* has been paid out of Somerset House in three years, a very much larger sum has been unlawfully collected and paid in. Nor does it mend matters in the least that many persons undoubtedly defraud the revenue of large sums due for Income-tax. The whole objection to the present system is that, while the wicked laugh at Income-tax, the lowly and meek are defrauded by officials. Both things are evils, and they do not in the least counterbalance each other. Mr. Chapman also contributes to the series the handbook on Inhabited House Duty, which is subject to the same observations as Income-tax in a rather less degree. The topic of trustees is not much suited to this form of publication. As a general rule a trustee is able to procure advice much more trustworthy than can be put into a shilling crib. However, any book about trustees may be of use, because it is impossible to read any such book without seeing that the position is one to be sedulously avoided. Mr. De Morgan's opuscule on "House-owners, Householders, and Lodgers" looks rather dangerous, because it conveys a little knowledge. There is not room in its pages for much. There is, however, some information about votes which can do no one any harm; because, even if a man fails to get his name put on the register, he is no worse off than he was before. Without any disparagement to Mr. Stewart, it must be said that his pamphlet on Wills is dangerous, as any "Practical Handbook for Testators and Executors" must be. The layman about to make a will has only two sensible courses open to him. One is to take the best advice he can get. The other is to make his will by the light of nature, subject to this most important proviso, that he must carefully refrain from using any word that he thinks he has heard before in connexion with legal documents. Mr. Stewart's handbook is a middle course, and in medio there is no safety.

WORDS ON WELLINGTON.*

SIR WILLIAM FRASER has thrown together—we can hardly say written or even compiled—what a man might call a Moliériste book. He has a hero, and a very good one; and he has

* *Words on Wellington: The Duke—Waterloo—The Ball.* By Sir William Fraser, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford. London: John C. Nimmo. 1889.

hunted up all kinds of minute points in his life. What dress the Duke wore; what sword he had on in this scene or in that; the exact place in which the Duchess of Richmond's famous ball was held, and other similar details has Sir W. Fraser studiously investigated. In this volume he tumbles out the results of his studies. No more dignified form of expression can be used, for the book is emphatically a disorderly one. It consists of independent paragraphs; and if they were printed on separate pieces, tossed in a hat, and printed as they turned out, they would be quite as coherent as Sir W. Fraser has made them. One result of the manner in which he has elected to work is that his book suffers somewhat from repetition. The same statement turns up again and again—in almost, or quite, the same words more than once. In one case this method of just putting a thing down as it came into his head has caused Sir W. Fraser—as he frankly confesses—to repeat a silly story where he might have told a good one. On page 80 we are told that the "great American President and warrior," General Grant, when dining at Apsley House with the second Duke, said, "My lord, I have heard that your father was a military man. Was that the case?" Now, the intelligent reader sees that this was impossible. On p. 171 we get the real and much superior version:—

IN AN EARLIER PART of this work I told the story of President Grant dining at Apsley House. I regret that I asked the second Duke what really took place. However, as the reader has had the full enjoyment of the story, I must now, in the interests of truth, state what the Duke told me happened. He said that during dinner General Grant kept trying to get him to say what was the greatest number of men that his father had commanded in the field. The Duke added, "I saw what he was at; if I had said forty or fifty thousand he would have replied, 'Well, I commanded a hundred thousand,' so I was determined not to answer his questions as to this; and I succeeded."

The second Duke seems to have inherited something of the character, as well as the personal appearance, of the first. At times Sir W. Fraser's phrases themselves show want of pruning, as when he says:—"And here I trust no reader will commit the social shibboleth of even thinking of any troops but the Foot Guards when the term 'Guards' is used." How does a man commit a "social shibboleth"? Again, it was not De Foe who wrote the *Life of Jonathan Wild the Great*.

Sir William Fraser's book will always have a certain value among Wellingtoniana. It is not so much that the stories told are new, for we seem to meet most of them as old friends, or that those which are new in print are very characteristic. What the author has done is less to tell new things about Wellington than to record the impression which Wellington made. From him one learns how profoundly the Duke was admired, and how sincerely he was imitated by the generation which grew up in his old age. A more wholesome admiration we cannot conceive of as existing in the heart of any man. It was admiration for one in whom there was emphatically no weakness and no cant. The Duke's devotion to duty is a theme worn somewhat threadbare by much usage; but it will stand handling still. When, indeed, Sir W. Fraser tells us that Wellington kept the promise of marriage he had made before leaving for India, under circumstances in which a baser man might have withdrawn, because he felt that he must set a good example to other officers, we feel that he must be mistaken. There would have been a self-conscious priggery in the thought of which Wellington was incapable. But it is characteristic of the impression he made that his one prevailing motive should have been always supposed to be regard for duty. The absolute truth and absolute sanity of Wellington's character are illustrated here—as, indeed, in all that has been written about him with any knowledge. He was, in truth, the most finished type of all that was best and strongest in the England of the eighteenth century.

The last section of Sir W. Fraser's volume is devoted to the history and defence of his discovery of the room in which the Duchess of Richmond gave the famous dance. We think, on a review of the evidence, that he is right in holding that the condealer's store in the Rue de la Blanchisserie is the "high hall" in which George Osborne was sobered by Dobbin's news, and to which Mrs. Major O'Dowd was not invited. Its position and shape agree with the description given by good contemporary authorities, and all the evidence against it is based on the ill-founded assertion that the "sort of old barn at the back of behind," as Lord William Lennox called it, turned into a ballroom on that famous night, had been pulled down. Things of more moment have been held proved by weaker evidence.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.*

M R. ALEXANDER IRELAND, who is already well known by his biographical and bibliographical dealings with Carlyle, Emerson, and others, has done a further good deed by arranging a liberal selection (five hundred closely but not obscurely printed pages) from Hazlitt's work, and prefacing it with some seventy more of biography and criticism. Such a book was very much wanted. There is no complete edition of Hazlitt. Mr. Ireland, who has given much attention to bibliography, cautiously puts his published volumes at "about" thirty-five. But some, at least, of them are abstracts or editions of other

men's works; while, on the other hand, Hazlitt, who, though not an extremely rapid writer, was constantly employed at a kind of journalism for nearly a quarter of a century, certainly produced some things, and probably not a few which he did not himself collect, and which were not even collected for him after his death. The reprinted edition of Messrs. Bell in Bonn's Library is very good as far as it goes, especially as Mr. Ireland advises, it be supplemented by a volume of his art criticism, published by Messrs. Reeves & Turner. But everybody will not read half a dozen volumes, and not to mention that some excellent things, notably the immortal "Fight" (Mr. Ireland tells us that some wiseacres advised him not to print it, but as the youthful translator of French said, he "fished himself of them, and found himself of it well"), are not there, there is there an amount of surplausage and repetition natural in the only kind of writing which Hazlitt's circumstances permitted him, but sometimes not attractive. Mr. Ireland has selected with a liberal hand, and though we hope that his book will send many readers to Messrs. Bell's edition, or to the originals, it is so done that it may very fairly suffice many more. We miss exceedingly few pieces that we should ourselves have given; Mr. Ireland has wisely given whole essays wherever he can (and a very large number of Hazlitt's pieces are so short that there is little difficulty in this); he has in most cases prefixed brief but sufficient notes; and he has given some extracts from the *Napoleon*. Even for the sake of the "Fight" the book would be worth buying and cheap at the price. There is but one thing that would have improved it, and that would be unfair—at the price—to ask. It is an index. Few writers are so indexless in all editions as Hazlitt, and few are more in need of indexing. We have ourselves hunted for hours after passages which we knew perfectly well, but which we could not at the moment "place." And the mere titles of essays or papers give very little help, for Hazlitt is often nearly as independent of his titles as Montaigne. But, on the other hand, Mr. Ireland has given some additional information of the biographical kind—for instance, he records a pilgrimage to Winterslow which we have ourselves long intended to make—and he has added a remarkable portrait of Hazlitt different from that generally known. It is said to be derived from a touched-up copy by another hand made on the same occasion, if not at the same time, as the usual portrait, and is spoken of by persons who knew Hazlitt as a better likeness. We can readily believe it, though it can hardly be said to be as flattering as the other. It is much more the Ishmael-Hazlitt we imagine.

In dealing with his subject's life Mr. Ireland has not erred on the side of severity. Perhaps this is excusable, for Hazlitt had abominably hard measure in his lifetime, and has not been overburdened with soft measure since his death. But when Mr. Ireland says that Hazlitt "never carried poisoned arrows into political conflict," he must surely forget the long passage of frenzied abuse of Scott in the *Spirit of the Age*, and the constant detraction of the Duke of Wellington, to name no other instances. Mr. Ireland actually finds Hazlitt "chivalrous"; and here, again, we cannot help thinking that he has forgotten (he does not, that we have noticed, anywhere refer to it) the episode of the "Z" quarrel and the Scott-Christie duel. Yet, again, Mr. Ireland calls the Sarah Walker business "a frenzy of platonic devotion." This reminds us, though not quite in the same sense, of the passage in *Venetia* where (we quote from memory) Herbert smiles at Lord Cadurcis's use of the same word. We have been told, on pretty good authority, that *Liber Amoris* was slightly bowdlerized before publication; but, even as it is, we should have thought that the most charitable reader must see how little the devotion was, at least in the ordinary sense, "platonic," though we admit that a "lady critic," quoted by Mr. Ireland, declares that "no sensual man could have fallen into such fascination." If that be so, Restif de la Bretonne runs Hazlitt hard for the prize of freedom from "sensuality." The truth, of course, is that Hazlitt is our chief English example of the peculiar sensuality *des cerveaux*, as Mlle. Alice Ozy has it. Lastly, it is surely a mistake to put down the enduring underestimate and misestimate of Hazlitt to the fact of his being on the popular or unpopular side in politics. Had his failure to gain the public ear been merely due to this, the triumph of his principles just after his death must have brought triumph for him with it. The truth is that Hazlitt was not so much a Tory, or a Radical, or a Whig (there were even Tory fibres in him) as an Ishmael—a fact which his most judicious and best friends saw and acknowledged. He could not resist the "arf-brick," and would throw it at anybody and everybody if they came in his way and the fancy seized him. That he was a man to be strongly sympathized with is true, for he was emphatically one of those "melancholics" who, as the philosopher says, require strong delights to draw them from their black imaginings. But to credit him with especial "rectitude," "honesty," "tenderness of heart," "chivalry," is, we think, a mistake.

A difference of personal opinion, however, like this matters very little, less than ever when, as we have already hinted, the subject received, during his lifetime, far more than his share of the evil things of detraction and obloquy. The chief and principal thing is that Mr. Ireland has here provided a very excellent selection of very interesting work.

* William Hazlitt, *Essayist and Critic: Selections from his Writings*. By Alexander Ireland. London and New York: Warne & Co. 1889.

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SIOOT.*

THREE are few fairer valleys in Egypt than that of which Sioot, or as Mr. Griffith, no doubt more correctly, writes it, Siut, is the chief town. The traveller who arrives by the daily train from Cairo, two hundred and thirty miles distant, finds himself near the river-bank, and some little distance from the city, the domes and minarets of which look white and cold against the afterglow in the western sky, and the deep purple of the hills which bound the valley on the south. The wide alluvial plain, brilliantly green a few minutes ago, turns intensely dark, and as the warmth fades out of the sky night comes on with a rapidity to which we are unaccustomed in the North. It is not till the morning lights up the scene from the Eastern horizon that the visitor perceives the peculiarity of the great grey hills which looked so distant and so blue the night before. They are now seen to be honeycombed with vast caverns, and in the clear daylight the forms of square-headed tombs may easily be made out. A little to the right—that is, to the westward—some dots of whitewash and a low dome or two betoken the existence of a modern Mohammedan burial-place; and we can reflect on the curious fact that for a period of time which must be reckoned at nearly four thousand years the dead of Sioot have been buried in this mountain. The first tombs date from the reign of the Twelfth Dynasty, at least 2000 B.C. Mariette, indeed, dated its beginning at 3064 B.C.; but the earliest tombs at Sioot probably belong to the end of the period. Thence in unbroken succession we have the burial-places of the "Middle Kingdom," the "New Kingdom," the Copts, and, finally, the Arabs, down to our own day. The further or southern slope of the mountain is equally full of tombs, and Mr. Griffith reports upon those of Dayr Reefs ("Der Rifeh," he calls it) and Dayr Dronkeh, all in the same range. In fact, the two wide valleys north and south of the limestone hills must have always been a very important, if not the most important, district of Upper Egypt, with at all times a very large, industrious, and comparatively wealthy population. Sioot, the S-se-oo-t of the hieroglyphs, the Asyoot or Al Syut of the modern Arab, is the largest and best built city on the Nile south of Cairo, and has grown immensely in population and importance since the opening of the railway and since it became the terminus of the postal service on the river. Previously it was the great rendezvous of caravans from beyond Dongola, and a centre of the slave-trade, scarcely yet, perhaps, wholly suppressed. Here it is reported, both in Christian and Moslem tradition, the Holy Family abode after the flight into Egypt. Much older than Cairo as an Arab city, it possesses some very characteristic ancient remains, including magnificent Roman columns; and the bazaar is the most extensive and orderly on the Upper Nile.

But the attractions of the city were nothing to Mr. Griffith. At his two visits, described but too briefly in the volume before us, he devoted himself to obtaining correct readings of the inscriptions in the tombs. Though Sir Gardner Wilkinson described them in the old days before Egyptian chronology and hieroglyphics had been studied intelligently, and although Dr. Brugsch reported on them more than thirty years ago, they had never been systematically copied, and in the meantime much had perished. Much, indeed, has perished even since Mr. Griffith's first visit in January 1887. The best known of these tombs are numbered by Mr. Griffith as "I." and "III." The first of these belonged to a mighty man under the Twelfth Dynasty, whose name was Hap-zefa, or, as Mr. Griffith, adhering to the scheme of transliteration adopted as a compromise by the Oriental Congress, spells it, "Hap-t'efa," who seems to have been governor of Sioot. The inscriptions, although known to be very instructive on account of the early references they contain to the calendar of the Egyptians of that remote period, have never been fully copied before, and Mr. Griffith rightly devotes nine of his plates to them. Hap-zefa makes no mention of any contemporary Egyptian monarch, and may have been a more or less independent prince, but on Plate 4 we have a "palimpsest" cartouche of Useretesen I. of the Twelfth Dynasty. Hap-zefa repeatedly calls himself the priest of Ap-heru, "the lord of S-se-oo-t," the wolf-headed deity who was reckoned the "guardian of roads," and who gave the city its later Greek name of Lycopolis. Another king's name occurs in the fourth tomb, that of another great man, whose name was Kheti. He mentions King Ra-Kumer, or Mer Kara, of the thirteenth dynasty, whose history is exceedingly obscure. Of Kheti, however, we read that under him S-soot was prosperous, free from famine and pestilence, and that the people had rest in peace and security. This, if true, was a proud boast in the unsettled times which followed the extinction of the Twelfth Dynasty. But, as in another, and probably contemporary, tomb (No. III.), the decorations and writings are incomplete, and the peace on which Kheti prided himself must have been rudely broken.

The only fault we have to find with Mr. Griffith's volume is that his text is so meagre. He might, with very little additional trouble, have given us a few translated examples of the numerous inscriptions he has so laboriously copied. It is to be hoped, however, that now we have the hieroglyphics there is a sufficient number of English students capable of using them to throw light on one of the most interesting and most obscure periods of

Egyptian history—that, namely, which intervened between the marvellous civilization which prevailed under the Amenemhats and Usersetens of the Twelfth Dynasty and the barbarism which overshadowed the country before the rise of the Eighteenth. It is possible that some writing in the granite quarries at Assouan, which is of this period, may help the future historian, and it is understood that all the names on these mysterious rocks have now been copied by Mr. Petrie and his predecessors and companions. There are still, if we mistake not, some uncopied inscriptions of uncertain, but probably early, date at the opposite side of the Nile from Sioot; but all explorers there have been fascinated by the wonders of Beni Hassan, a few miles only to the north.

WINES IN ENGLISH CELLARS.*

M. MOURAILLE has put forth the little work under notice with the statement, which we believe to be true, that there exists no English text-book on the treatment and management of wines, so that the expert has invariably to turn to French scientific treatises on the subject. Having held the position for seventeen years of Maitre-de-chai to Messrs. Spiers & Pond, our author is, no doubt, entitled to speak with considerable experience, for a vast quantity of wine must have passed through his hands. Yet we fear that his work will not adequately fill up the gap in our literature. In trying to account for the taste for extra dry champagne in England in preference to the sweeter kinds, M. Mouraille exclaims, "great is the virtue of advertisement!" and we think we are not judging him harshly when we say that his admiration for this principle is apparent in the pages of his book. It contains many sensible instructions relative to the racking and fining of wines, and directions as to the treatment of faulty ones; but no wine-merchant worthy of the name should be ignorant of the elementary details here set forth, and every such merchant should have quite as much experience as M. Mouraille's at his command to guide him in the subtler difficulties which frequently arise, and for meeting which no fixed rules can be given. As regards the cellarman, for whose use the book is also written, if his master does not see that he understands his duties, and takes care that he performs them, he is hardly likely to turn to these pages for guidance; while there is much from which the connoisseur will dissent. It is hero stated, for instance, that

Bordeaux wines improve with age during from four to six years. To keep its condition beyond six years a wine must be very strong in tannin and alcohol. As a rule, wine ten years old, say three or four years in wood and six in bottle, has reached its highest state of perfection; after that period it begins to deteriorate. Nevertheless, there are a few wines which tend to improve even after ten years. Such, for instance, are certain growths of Côte d'Or (Burgundies), Roussillon, Hérault, and Gard.

The above is true, no doubt, of the lower growths of Bordeaux, which probably the writer had in his mind, though he does not say so, and of all growths of weaker vintages; but the exceptions of recent years have been too numerous to mention. Who would say that the '64's began to deteriorate in 1874, or (leaving out the '70's) that the '74's or '78's had yet reached their prime? With the remarks on buying at public sales we cordially agree:—

The mere fact of purchasing wines in places offering no guarantee or security to the buyer is a great risk in itself. No risk need be incurred by procuring wines direct from responsible wine-merchants or importers, either in wood or bottled.

We believe that the practice is only to be accounted for by the love of a bargain inherent in many people; it pleases them to "pick up" wine of a high-sounding name at a lower price than it can be bought of a wine-merchant, totally oblivious of the relative merits of the same alleged wine. If they would only test their bargain when it comes home by a little comparative tasting, the illusion would soon vanish. M. Mouraille has patented many ingenious inventions, which are duly described and illustrated in his book. We regret to learn that he has hitherto found no machine for washing bottles which he can recommend; though we have seen more than one in high-class establishments doing their work with admirable efficiency, and causing a great saving in labour. No doubt this will be amended before long, and a "Mouraille's bottle-washer" will be invented to supersede all others. Among the recipes which "ladies perhaps will be pleased to have" we find the following one for "Iced wine for Balls and Soirées":—

Put a block of ice weighing five or six pounds in a porcelain or glass vessel, with a lemon cut in thin slices. Pour in ONE bottle of good vin ordinaire, two bottles of effervescent lemonade, and half a pound of loaf sugar. Stir the mixture, and serve. The beverage may be made in any quantity.

But we fancy the ladies will find the above quite sufficient, as far as their male guests are concerned.

* *Wines in English Cellars.* By L. P. Mouraille. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

[August 31, 1889.]

PALLAS'S SAND-GROUSE IN SCOTLAND.*

THIS is an important contribution to the history of British ornithology. Few zoological incidents of late years have presented such an adventurous novelty or have caused so much excitement as the invasion of our archipelago by the Tartar hordes of Pallas's sand-grouse (*Syrrophantes paradoxus*) last spring. These strange little birds had but once been seen in Europe before. They were exotic in the most exclusive sense; they came to us from the untraversed recesses of Central Mongolia. Suddenly the whole of Western Europe, from the arctic circle in Sweden to the Straits of Gibraltar, was occupied by vast flights of these alien birds; and, almost before naturalists had found time to observe them, they were gone again. The pamphlet before us is not designed as a history of this invasion, a work which Professor Newton has taken into his particular charge, but as a collection of facts regarding Scotland alone. It contains notes of all the data obtained in various parts of North Britain by a great variety of persons, sifted and examined on the spot before observation had time to decline into invention or rumour to take rank as history. The immigration was so sudden, and made at so many different points at once, that it was a labour of no light kind to collect and scientifically to arrange this mass of desultory notes. The result, however, is one which is of very considerable value to science.

As is well known, one previous invasion of Pallas's sand-grouse had been recorded. There was a flight westward of *Syrrophantes* in 1863, and the particulars of this are by no means so exactly recorded as we should wish them to be. It is, however, estimated by Mr. Macpherson and others that the invading army of 1888 was not less than twenty times as large in numbers as that of 1863. The geographical distribution of the birds in the latter year was not less widely extended than in 1863, but it was much more thinly dispersed. About twenty-five birds were seen on the shores of the Forth, eight or nine in Forfarshire, and fifteen in Kincardine. But one was noticed in the Moray Firth, a flock of ten or twelve in Caithness, and two or three in Shetland. The whole west of Scotland produced only eight specimens, one of which had flown so far as to Benbecula in the Outer Hebrides. There is no evidence of the arrival in Scotland in 1863 of more than eighty specimens in all, but these were scattered over the country from Unst to Dumfries. The visitation of 1888 was dispersed equally widely, but it was enormously larger in numbers, and can scarcely have consisted of less than two thousand birds. The distribution was curiously even. In the Outer Hebrides, where but a single bird was seen on Benbecula in 1863, there were flocks in 1888 on Benbecula, South Uist, and the Lewis; while a very remarkable immigration and settlement took place on Tiree. The existence of these birds in large numbers on the very brink of the Atlantic makes us wonder what is the nature of the instinct which leads these little creatures westward, and what is its limit. When the sand-grouse find themselves in Jutland and Southern Scandinavia, they resign themselves blindly to the long flight over the German Ocean. Once arriving at the estuary of the Forth, their faith is rewarded; but still they fly westward. They pass the Clyde; they reach the sea again; they gather on the sands of Tiree and Oronsay. What leads them still to push westward, and to visit the remotest frontier of Europe—the barren chain of the Long Island? And when they stand on Benbecula, and the unbroken Atlantic is before them, do they still push on westward till they faint with weariness and sink in the vast profound, or is their instinct cunning enough to teach them that this is the end at last? These are questions which are, we believe, still unanswered. We are not aware at least that any one has stood on the western shore of any of the Hebrides, and has seen the sand-grouse take flight still further onward in search of fabulous Hesperides.

The scouts of the main force appeared, in 1888, about the middle of May, and the entire invasion was completed by the second week of June. For the next two months they were endeavouring to make themselves at home in Scotland, and they were being resolutely attacked by their animal and human enemies. On the whole, Mr. Macpherson is able to report that the sand-grouse received "handsome consideration from the Scottish public." Nevertheless, the Wild Birds Act proved quite insufficient, in all but a few places, adequately to protect them. There were, however, many intelligent efforts made to induce the birds to nest, and several reports were circulated to the effect that these were successful. It is in sifting evidence on such point as this that labours such as those of Mr. Harvie Brown and Mr. Macpherson are particularly valuable. In most cases the wish was found to be father to the thought. At Tentsmuir, where great care had been taken not to disturb a likely flock, it was confidently reported that they bred, but there was no real proof of it. At St. Fergus, where a settlement of no less than two hundred birds settled, there is found to be the belief of a keeper that "he saw a pair of young birds, with down on them, roaming about with an old sand-grouse near them." Young birds were said to have been shot at St. Fergus; but when they were examined they were not found to be tender juveniles, but regular tough old seniors. The same failure attended an examination of suggested nesting in Gareloch. But

on the Culbin Sands, near Forres, there is evidence of a formal kind that the sand-grouse did breed. As this solitary instance is of considerable importance, we may quote the words of Mr. Salvage, the well-known collector:

I certainly saw a clutch of eggs of the Pallas sand-grouse on the Culbin Sands last season. I should have taken them, of course, but for a keeper who was near at the time. My shouting to him a fine day or something of the kind frightened the old bird off the nest, or rather an apology for a nest. There cannot have been any mistake, for she got up quite close to me, and I saw 3 (or 4) eggs. There might have been more, as I did not care to examine closely with the keeper looking on. I, however, marked the spot sufficiently, as I thought, by breaking the twigs of some stunted birches growing near, to enable me to find the nest again. I, however, was not careful enough, and, although I searched the vicinity that evening, and for days afterwards, I failed to find it again. . . . I may add that the Pallas was common on the Culbin Sands last season; I must have seen hundreds. I also saw a few on the Findhorn Sands. . . . I need hardly mention that I was much vexed at missing the clutch of eggs, for I was quite aware of their value, and such a discovery is worth recording.

Mr. Salvage's discovery is borne out, unknown to him, by the fact that sand-grouse chicks were actually captured on the same ground by a keeper of the name of Alexander Scott. He happened to know the peculiarity of the foot of *Syrrophantes*, and at once examined the feet of the chicks. He found the three small toes with the pad underneath, and was certain of his bird. This evidence, confirming that of Mr. Salvage, was considered of such unique importance that, after consultation with Professor Newton at Cambridge, Mr. Macpherson went up to Forres and subjected Alexander Scott to a cross-examination. The result was entirely satisfactory, and it is, therefore, accepted that one indubitable case of breeding occurred in Scotland in 1888.

FALLOW AND FODDER CROPS.*

AS Mr. Wrightson truly says, book-farming is not popular with agriculturists, but the rising generation of farmers will have to condescend to the reading of books to hold their own in these scientific days, when the practical man, once the lord of the creation, is held of little account by the man of science. "Practice with Science" is the motto of the Royal Agricultural Society; and this book, written by a scientific man, insists on verification of theory by practice at every step. It certainly does not encourage mere book-farming, but gives ample warning that the same crop, with the same manure, will not afford the same results under different conditions of soil and climate. "The term fallow is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *fealwe*, and seems to indicate the colour of the bare or unploughed land; and is apparently the same word as is applied to fallow deer, in accordance with their hair-like colour" (p. 7). It is an old word in farming, used to indicate land let alone to recover after the exhaustion of producing a crop, and has crept into English as a metaphor for neglect, or want of care:—

A thousand hearts lie fallow in these Halls.—TENNYSON.

In modern farming, however, every care is taken of the fallow, in preparation for the crops to come, and even the fallow crops may be the most important in a rotation. Bare fallows are explained in the first chapter, which are now almost entirely superseded by fallow crops. Mr. Wrightson reminds us that "the earliest allusions to fallowing are found in Leviticus, when the Israelites were ordered to give the land complete rest every seventh year" (p. 8). The old three-field course was generally followed in our early history, when one-third of the arable land was under fallow, the course being—first, wheat; second, spring corn—oats, barley, or beans; and the third, fallow, let alone to rest from cultivation, but grazed by cattle. Bare fallow, in a modern farming sense, is by no means letting alone; it is a complicated process of cleaning land from weed, taking a year to complete, and if followed by wheat, which used to be the case, nearly two years elapse without a return to the farmer. Bare fallowing required no less than five ploughings, with harrowings, draggings, and rollings to match, thoroughly cleaning the land of weed for the all-important wheat crop. Mr. Wrightson devotes the first chapter to explain what fallows are, and the system of bare fallowing as a preparation for succeeding crops. And, in the remaining chapters, he treats fully of fallow crops; in other words, the cultivation of great varieties of fodder—turnips of many sorts, mangel, cabbage, &c.—to clean and prepare the land for the corn crops. The fodder crops are renovating crops, simply because they are consumed on the land, and are returned to it in some shape or other, in distinction from the corn crops that are sold off the land. In earlier days the corn crop was by far the most important, as affording the principal food of the people. Then sheep were very unpopular, because land was thrown out of corn cultivation to become sheep pastures. Now that corn is cheap, and meat more generally used as food, the fallow crops demand the best attention of the farmer.

Mr. Wrightson gives a full description of every sort of fodder crop, the methods of cultivation, and the manures suitable both for the particular plant, the soil, and the climate, whether in the North or South of England, with their value as feeding stuff for bullocks, sheep, or horses. The results of Sir John Lawes's experiments at Rothamsted on this particular subject, extending over many years, are given in tables; and on this all good farming in

**The Visitation of Pallas's Sand-Grouse to Scotland in 1888.* Prepared, chiefly from information collected by Professor Newton and J. A. Harvie Brown, by Rev. H. A. Macpherson. London: R. H. Porter. 1889.

* *Fallow and Fodder Crops.* By John Wrightson, M.R.A.C., F.C.S. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

the future must be based, with a practical knowledge of the peculiarities of every farm, or of every field for that matter, as a superstructure. The results of experiments tried at Cirencester by members of the Chamber of Agriculture on the cultivation of swede turnips are also given in full detail in treating of that very valuable crop. The Agricultural Colleges at Cirencester and Downton are doing good work, and an interesting experiment made by Dr. Fream of Downton is described. Rye-grass being used as a fallow crop, a question arose respecting its presence in permanent pastures. Dr. Fream obtained twenty-five pieces of turf, each 2 ft. long, 1 ft. broad, and 9 ins. deep, cut from pastures in twenty-five various parts of the United Kingdom, and planted them in the botanical garden at Downton. There he examined every species of grass growing on them, and ascertained that in the vast majority of these turfs rye-grass and white clover predominated, thus settling at rest the question of rye-grass as permanent pasture. This is an example of a useful experiment, and tables are given in this book—p. 230—of the various grasses that grew to maturity on the turfs taken from places so far apart as Derbyshire, Kent, Devonshire, Tipperary, and other counties. There are tables with the results of scientific experiments throughout the work, and pains have been taken to state the cost of every crop, and the value of the crop as food. A horse costs just as much a day as a labourer, each of which Mr. Wrightson puts down at 2s. 6d. a day; and, as two horses and a man will plough an acre a day, an acre will thus cost 7s. 6d. to plough. The rotation of crops is also explained—the Norfolk four years' rotation and the Wiltshire eight years' rotation. The Norfolk four years is considered the best farming, by which one crop of wheat is taken on the fourth year. In the Wiltshire eight years' course two crops of wheat are taken, the first on the third year and the second on the eighth year.

Mr. Wrightson, in the last chapter—chapter xi.—treats of ensilage, and explains the term, quoting from Mr. Henry Rew, as derived from the Greek *στόρος*, a pit, changed to the Spanish and French *silos*. By this it appears that it was a very old practice to preserve grass by putting it into a pit, recently revived and practised in England in the well-known form now attracting so much attention. He describes the various methods by which ensilage may be made, and the crops most suitable for the purpose. And in an appendix he criticizes Mr. Eckerling's calculations of the value of ensilage on a farm, arriving at a much lower estimate of the net returns from it.

This book can be strongly recommended as a good authority on the subject of *Fallow and Fodder Crops*, of which it treats. The details of experiments are very carefully given, and the caution is insisted on that every farmer must experiment for himself—that is to say, he should take the facts supplied to him by scientific inquirers and find out for himself how and to what extent they are applicable to his particular farm. The man of science can give him invaluable rules and ascertained facts, and he must vary their application in accordance with his own experience. This is particularly the case with manures, and hardly less so with the various plants that form the crops. Botanical, chemical, and other scientific terms are avoided, though the botanical name is given with the common name of each plant. The motto of the Royal Agricultural Society—"Practice with Science"—is certainly the moral taught by this compact, business-like, useful volume.

WAY'S ILIAD (XIII.—XXIV.)*

M.R. WAY'S translation of the Iliad is completed by the issue of this second volume. Three years ago we expressed our opinion of its qualities, and we do not find anything new or different that ought to be said now. Mr. Way at his best continues to be very good—so good that, if he were always at his best, the problem of Homeric translation would perhaps be settled for our time. But he continues also to be, at his worst, not only inadequate but perverse. We thought for a time that we could perceive an abatement in the neo-Scandinavian violence of his adjectives and compounds. Conventional epithets like δούρικλυτός, κορυθαιόλος, are still brought into undue prominence by bewildering variety of equivalents, but there is a tendency to moderation in the quality of them; and so far it is well. Unfortunately there are new outbreaks in other directions. In XVI. 479, 480, in the combat between Patroclus and Sarpodon, we read:—

ἀ δ' ὑστερος ἔρυντο χαλκῷ
Πάτροκλος· τοῦ δ' οὐχ ἀλιον βίδος ἔκφυε χειρός.

This is the plainest language of Homeric narrative. There is no effort, no ornament, no word that is in any way more catching than another. It is a necessary part of the facts, told with all swiftness and simplicity. "After him Patroclus set on with his weapon; from his hand the missile flew not in vain." What has Mr. Way made of it?—

Patroclus thereafter his javelin swung on high,
And nowise in vain from his hand did the murder-lightning fly.

We could forgive "swung on high," though there is nothing about swinging in the Greek, and the phrase is barely appropriate for the action of throwing a spear. Something must be allowed even

* *The Iliad of Homer done into English Verse.* By Arthur S. Way, M.A., Head-master of Wesley College, Melbourne, Australia. Vol. II. Books XIII.—XXIV. London: Sampson Low & Co.

to the most diligent and close of translators for the exigencies of metre. But we see no ground of excuse for "murder-lightning." It has nothing to do with the Greek, it is not like anything anywhere in Homeric Greek, and it is not good English. Chapman's amplifications may be worse in themselves, but this is a plainer sinning against light, and Chapman seldom amplifies in the middle of plain and direct narrative. In this place he says (and it would be hard to better him):—

But no such speedless flight
Patroclus let his spear perform, that on the breast did light
Of his brave foe.

We formerly remarked on Mr. Way's unfortunate predilection for thunder and lightning. If it is invincible, he should find other means of satisfying it. Homer did not call a spade a thundering shovel, or a spear murder-lightning; and a version which makes him do so is unfaithful in a material point. It would be better to take the risk of baldness than to make Homer picturesque at this cost. Mr. Lang and his companions do not profess to give us all the poetry that is in Homer; but at any rate the English reader knows that Mr. Butcher, or Mr. Lang, or Mr. Leaf, or Mr. Myers, as the case may be, will give him good English prose, and will not give him anything that is not in Homer. We are bound to say that this "murder-lightning" is the very worst thing we have found. It is an extreme case of Mr. Way's besetting fault, but a typical one in kind.

Apart from these wilful extravagances, Mr. Way's scholarship may be trusted to warrant the accuracy of his version (which is a good deal more than can be said for Chapman), and those who are not content with a prose translation may find it a good companion to the original, or, if the Greek is beyond them, as good a substitute as they are likely to get. It has life and motion, and these will cover many faults. If Mr. Way puts into his teaching as a head-master the same spirit which he shows as a translator, the boys who read Homer with him are fortunate.

A larger proportion of double rhymes appears, or has caught our notice, in these latter books. We do not think Mr. Way's metre is one for which double endings are well suited; and we adhere to our opinion that the form of English verse which shall be truly analogous to the Homeric hexameter still waits for its inventor.

SIX NEW SONGS.

FROM Mr. Joseph Williams we have an album of six songs by Lady Ramsay, of Banchory, to poems by Mr. Herbert Gardner, dedicated to the King of Sweden and Norway, the music of which is varied in style, of well-marked character, and for the most part well within the means of the amateur soprano or mezzo-soprano voice. Mr. Gardner has supplied the composer with poetic material that is far superior to the "song words" with which most of our song-composers are willing or compelled to be content. "What is Love?" and "Flos Florum" are, indeed, poems that every lover of poetry may accept with pleasure; and, as the poems are printed in full apart from the music, the singer may judge how agreeable it is to have music and sweet poetry agree, instead of the too common incongruity of twaddling commonplace, if not sheer nonsense, associated with taking melodies. Lady Ramsay's melodies have decided freshness, and are truly responsive to the poems. In this last important quality—sympathy with the metrical theme—these songs are remarkable, and the merit is sufficiently rare to call for praise. The first song, "With the Spring," is sure to be a favourite. It is the simplest in character of the series, is extremely pretty, and does not tax the vocalist's power. "Between the Green Corn and the Gold" and "Love's Kingdom" are more difficult. The first of these is in the key of F, passing to the tonic minor and reverting to the original key; the second is a sprightly melody in C, varied by an episode in the minor. In these songs the somewhat abrupt changes of key (pp. 9, 10, and 13) may perhaps surprise the ear charmed by an intimate acquaintance with old English song. The modern composer is generally addicted to this practice, and the key-changes so frequently indulged in by song-composers of the day are not always duly anticipated by preparation and modulation. Mr. Gardner's most striking poem, "What is Love?" is wedded to the most characteristic setting of the series. This is a lively strain in Bolero form in F minor, with an accompaniment more difficult than the others, and with sound execution should prove very effective. Another attractive number is "The Spinning-Wheel," a romantic ballad of the lady singing in her castle, as she sits at her spinning-wheel, set to an engaging melody accompanied by arpeggios that admirably suit it. The last song, "Flos Florum," is mournful in character, with a simple and expressive accompaniment. Like other songs composed by Lady Ramsay, this pathetic example possesses the uncommon property of strengthening its appeal, as good things will, by repetition.

SOME MORE GUIDE-BOOKS.

AMONG the later, but not too late, guide-books of the year may be noted a new edition of Murray's *The Lakes* (London: Murray), arranged on the new and immensely improved system on which we commented favourably in the case of the *Holland and Belgium*. In no case, perhaps, was an immersion in the Fontaine de Jouvence more necessary to "Murray" than in this handbook, which had been for years far behind the excellent

local work of Mr. Jenkinson, and still further behind the opening volume of Messrs. Baddeley and Ward's "Thorough" Series. A very great deal has now been done to catch up these forerunners; the most noteworthy of many improvements being the enlargement and multiplication of the maps. In a copy of Murray's *Lakes* which lies before us and beside this, a copy bought not ten years ago, there is only a single map, on such a scale as to be practically useless. Here there are two good maps in pockets on each cover, and four other sectional coloured maps at intervals, interleaved with the text, and on the half-inch scale. This is as it should be, and means business.

A new edition (the fifth) of Mr. Baddeley's just-mentioned work (Dulau & Co.) is also before us; but here we must show something like the apparent injustice which made the Prodigal Son's elder brother so angry. There is less to commend here because there never was much, if anything, to blame. We observe, however, that there are between forty and fifty pages more matter than in the first edition—a good evidence of the continual pains which is taken with these really admirable little books. Another new edition in the same series is the third of *South Devon and South Cornwall*, also revised and enlarged, and also deserving of the same praise. We are glad to see that a volume for *Hampshire and the Isle of Wight* is advertised, and we could wish for others. But Messrs. Baddeley and Ward seem to have adopted the sound plan of never "devilling" their work; and the amount of time required thoroughly to survey the ground, and then to arrange one of these books, must be considerable, even if (which can hardly be the case) the authors did nothing else.

Baedeker's *Switzerland* (Dulau & Co.) is far too well known to need extended comment here; and we need hardly say more than that the thirteenth edition has appeared. It is now so portly a book that subdivision would be something of an advantage. Twice blessed is the guide which will go comfortably into the pocket.

A perhaps excusable desire to take the goods the gods provide in the way of advertisement has induced Mr. Ralph Darlington to print "The Queen's Visit to North Wales" on the cover of his *Vale of Llangollen* (Llangollen: Darlington; London: Adams). The volume is a specimen, and a very fair specimen, of those local guides which wise travellers who are not desperately afraid of the banging of a sapsce or two always add when they can to the publications of the haughty metropolis. The illustrations of such books are not invariably beautiful, nor is their style always classic, but they constantly have bits of local information, not least in their advertisements, which, as they would themselves say, "repay perusal." And this, as we have said, is good of its kind. *Rhodes's Steamship Guide* (London and Liverpool: Philip) is not a new book, but it is better; it is a book which has weathered two annual issues and found it worth its while to appear a third time. Mr. Rhodes begins with a fervent panegyric of Mr. Ismay and the White Star Line. This panegyric, we doubt not, is fully deserved, though, having a possibly churlish dislike to the mixing up of personal matters with general information, we could have spared it. Then he talks about engines for some time, and then devotes himself to "The Passenger." This section, though its style is a little of the order which has been unkindly described as "Guidebook Thorn-crackling," contains much useful information. Everybody knows, though few people remember, how very much the comfort of a journey depends upon thinking of little things beforehand, and Mr. Rhodes will be a useful prompter. His medical advice seems sensible, though he perhaps recommends rather too many drugs. After this there is a series of articles devoted to the principal ocean lines and voyages, anecdotic, "informational" (as the people say who call good English bad and use jargon as if it were English), and otherwise. Altogether there is a good deal in Mr. Rhodes's book, though it be but a little one; and, while it has every appearance of being a useful practical companion on real voyages, it is not a bad one for a short one in an armchair. There are, of course, one or two blunders. The "Bishop" light is not "near the Lizard," but near Scilly; and this mistake, put into practice, has brought more than one good ship on the Lizard itself.

The *Official Guide to the South-Eastern Railway* (Cassell) is a wide-ranging publication; for it goes from Berlin to Tunbridge Wells and from Margate to Como. The nasty-minded carper may object that in much the same sense the line of Sir Edward Watkin conducts to Jerusalem and Madagascar and the British fleet at anchor, whether in the Downs or at Petro-Paulovsk. But far be such remarks from us, who have never in our whole history been censorious. To tell the truth, as we have told it more than once before, the improvement in these "official guides" of late years is very remarkable.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Evans, the original author of the *Rustic Walking Routes* near London (London: Philip), which we have more than once praised, is dead. But his work lives after him, and is now continued by Mr. S. Sharpe to a "West-by-South" district, ranging from Wandsworth to the Surrey Cobham and from Southall to Kenley. The suburban builder has cut up this district more than either of the northern sections with which Mr. Evans began; but there are still many of the famous Surrey commons and other places to go to. The walks are, as before, carefully planned, excellently described, and cleverly diagrammed.

Algerian Hints for Tourists, by C. Flower (London: Stanford), honestly presents itself as a kind of guide-book appendix rather than a guide-book, and as such deserves recommendation.

Pollock's Picturesque Dictionary of the Clyde (Glasgow: Menzies) we have praised before, and can praise again. *Strathpeffer Spa*, by F. Fox, M.D. (London: Lewis), is a chiefly medical guide to that healthful, if hyperborean, watering-place; and we have received the second edition of Mr. Oliver Baker's *Ludlow* (London: Simpkin & Marshall), published last year as a subscription book.

CALENDAR OF TREASURY PAPERS—1720-1728.*

REFERENCES to a vast number of subjects of more or less interest will be found in these "Abstracts" of Treasury papers. The editor, Mr. Redington, has noticed a good many of them in his Preface, and has showed considerable judgment in his treatment of the documents themselves. The Irish Commissioners of Revenue report that the uneasiness of people of all ranks about the patent granted to Wood for coining halfpence is "greater than can be imagined by any that are not on the spot," and suggest that, "as far as the greatest part of the current money in this kingdom is clandestinely exported from other countries," means should be taken to prevent Wood from introducing more than the 40,000*l.* worth of copper coin allowed by his patent, and to keep out counterfeits of equal value with his coins "from Holland and other places." In a rather obscurely-worded petition against the Malt-tax of 1725, the Edinburgh brewers argue that the Act of Sederunt requiring them to brew was an infringement of the Claim of Right, inasmuch as it imposed a bond without the authority of Parliament. Only one brewer complied with the orders of the Lords of Session, and he was "branded with the name of traitor to his country." Before long, however, the Commissioners of Excise were able to report that, "by the prudent management of the Lord Hay, the Lord Advocate, and others, the concert of the Brewers is now broke." In the Orkneys the maltsters persevered in their opposition, and were so violent that the Commissioners wrote to General Wade for a detachment of troops for the protection of their officers. Glasgow was fined 6,080*l.* damages for a riot raised against this tax, and the magistrates declared that the Corporation was hardly able to pay such a sum. An Address to the King from the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland sets forth that Popery and Jacobitism were widely prevalent in the Highlands and Islands, that parishes of from thirty to forty miles in length had only one minister and one school, and that in some of them "for every Protestant teacher there were six Popish traffickers practising incessantly." Another Address from the Presbytery of Abertarf states that in the area under their inspection, which was about 150 miles in circumference, and contained five parishes, there were "no legal schools save what are settled by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge," and that in consequence the people became "an easy prey to popish priests, jesuits, emissaries from Rome, and other disaffected persons." Among several documents referring to smuggling is a letter from the Bristol distillers about "the running of French brandy," in which it is remarked that "we have no settled commerce with France, and probably never may." The smugglers "concerned in the murder of Purchase" were in such force at Shaftesbury in 1724 that the magistrates could not execute the warrants against them without the help of a military force. Many claims were made for rewards for apprehending criminals; one of them was from persons concerned with the late Jonathan Wild in apprehending a highwayman. Other claims were for information, and among these one Samuel Slatford of Oxford set forth in 1720 that he had "detected many dangerous practices carried on there during the late Rebellion, and had discovered a great quantity of arms designed for the use of the Pretender." For his zeal he had to "quit his habitation and livelihood," and therefore prayed for some provision. Robert Dalyell, "late Earl of Carnwath," who had been condemned for his share in the Rebellion and had been respite, petitioned the Crown for a grant, as he had lost all his property by his attainder. He received a bounty of 600*l.* The wife of John Walkinshaw, of Burrowfield, whose husband had lost his estate by forfeiture, also obtained relief on account of her poverty and her large family of children. Parliament had granted a sum to encourage attempts to find out a satisfactory method of ascertaining the longitude at sea, and Peter Laurans asked for a grant on the ground that he had invented a "machine" for that purpose, and had "thereby throw'd himself in low circumstances" so that he could not bring it to perfection, but "my Lords" declined giving him any money until his machine had been produced and approved. A sum of 100*l.* was given to the Rev. William Whiston, sometime Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, for his method of finding longitude "by means of a dipping needle" and to enable him to complete his "discover." A letter from Sir James Thornhill, the King's Painter, complains that some improper person had been employed to do the gilding on the wainscot in the Gallery of Kensington Palace, which was, he says, great encroachment on his office. The keeper of the wild beasts at Kensington in 1727 demanded an increase of pay because the two new tigers were so unruly. Each tiger cost 16*d.* a day to feed, and each civet cat 4*d.*

* *Calendar of Treasury Papers, 1720-1728, preserved in Her Majesty's Public Record Office.* Prepared by Joseph Redington, Esq., one of the Assistant-Keeper of the Public Records. London: printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1889.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE have, at the due intervals, faithfully chronicled the successive volumes of the *Livre d'or du Salon*. To these volumes M. Georges Lafenestre has for the last decade contributed criticisms of the year's art in France, which have been singularly free from the usual bias and weaknesses of art criticism; while M. Journaux has accommodated them with all possible glories of print and paper, and the best etchers of the day have given what reproduction—in black and white and in little—is possible of colour and form. It would, in any case, have been a good idea to sift these siftings yet further at intervals. But the present "Ten Year Book" (1) has this further appositeness, that the majority of the examples selected for it appear in the Fine Arts section of the Exhibition. M. Lafenestre's introductions figure in full; the catalogue is, of course, limited to the selected examples—three for each year in painting, one in sculpture. Among them (not without confessing to something of the usual feeling of surprise at the flight of time) we notice the "Saison d'Octobre" (Bastien-Lepage) of ten years ago, where the cataloguer, though he means it for praise, is surely unnecessarily violent in calling the types "bestial." This has two blooming companions, not by any means withered, the "Allée abandonnée" (Bernier), and "Laghout" (Guillaumet). Among later examples, M. Bonnat's "Job" does not suit black and white, M. Heilbuth's "Beau temps" has too many of our own Academy prettinesses about it; and we at least did not want to see M. Rochebrosse's butcher's-shop "Andromache" again. But the double art of the Flameng family is excellently illustrated in "Les vainqueurs de la Bastille"; that wicked model which haunts M. Chaplin's imagination is welcome again in the more than ever appropriately named "Souvenirs"; and so are the very different "Communiantes" (Jules Breton), and, in sculpture, M. Paul Dubois's admirable "Comte Anne de Montmorency," and M. Turcan's "Blind Man and Paralytic." Altogether the collection is an exceedingly interesting one, as representing in a more exact sense than usual the cream of the cream of ten years' art in that country of Europe where, if art is not highest, it is at any rate most practised.

It is amusing to pass from serious to comic art at all times, and seldom can there be a more amusing transition than from the book last mentioned to M. Caran d'Ache's (2) summer album. It is not so elaborate as *Les Courses*, but it is simply screaming fun. The opening subject, "Chasse au tigre," is like and unlike a charming English fantasy, the history of the lamented Tippoo; but there is only fun here and no pathos. The incidents of the "Fusil-à-répétition" are Struvelpeter turned Gallic. We fear—we greatly fear—that "Question et réponse" and "Un drame au désert" are intended to be sarcastic on the great British nation, as the "Mariage d'un jockey" certainly is. But all three are delightful, and the great British nation can afford it. Are there not places where camels ("Question et réponse") and elephants ("Un drame au désert") are bestridden by sons of Albion now and where sons of France would fain bestride them? As for "Highlanders," "Grenadiers," Horse Guards and Life Guards, they also are not unknown to France. "La plus belle conquête de l'homme" is Caran d'Ache in excelsis, and is perhaps, taken all round, the best thing in the book. There are plenty of jokes at "Dumanet" (—Tommy Atkins in his ridiculous stage), including not a few at his weakness for the gentle *bonne* and *hers* for him. But these are rather old and "stock." The elaborate Consulate romance of "Le plus heureux des trois," and the still more melodramatic piece of the "Récit du capitaine," are excellent, but more in the nature of illustrations to letterpress. At the same time, the various attitudes of the strait-vested and classically-coifed lady in the first-named are not easily to be paid for. The "Cheval moderne," good as it is, would be better if there were a *little* less of it. Our own favourites (this does not contradict what has been said above) are "Métropolitain Oriental," a wonderful triumph of half a dozen lines, and "Appareil à duel," a perfectly lovely satire. This last is all good, but the gem of it is the doctor with his *trousse*. For many years he has reigned in the letterpress of French novels; but here he is in the flesh, or as near flesh as outline will allow. His strictly professional air at first; his disgust at the "duel sans issue fatale," and his beaming smile as he turns up his sleeves when the combatants, having calculated imprudently (the *appareil* is a sort of double swing), meet and skewer each other in mid-air, are all incomparable. But it is hardly possible to go wrong in this delightful volume, and the chief result which we expect from this review is that we shall receive scores of indignant letters accusing us of having left out the best pieces of all (for there are plenty more) out of malice prepense.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE annotated edition of *The Legend of Good Women* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press) follows closely upon Professor Skeat's edition of the *Minor Poems* of Chaucer, gratifies a similar want, and will be not less welcome to students of the poet. Fortunately materials for a good text of the *Legend* abound, and Dr. Skeat has produced one that is indisputably ex-

cellent by collating the best MSS. and giving the two forms of the Prologue on the same page, the more recent in full, the older—the Cambridge MS.—with the omission of some verses that are repeated verbatim in the second. A comparison of the two texts of the Prologue fully establishes the claims of the older to be printed, though it exists only in one MS. The various MSS. of the poem are divided into two classes by Dr. Skeat, and his conclusion, after collation, is that those of the first class have been "practically neglected altogether." And much the same is his judgment of the twenty previous editions of *The Legend*. Dr. Skeat finds that they are all incomplete; some through imperfect collation of MSS., and some, in addition to this common defect, because they are mainly reprints of older editions. As the immediate precursor of the *Canterbury Tales*, *The Legend of Good Women* holds a position of peculiar importance in Chaucer's works. The Prologue, for all its allegorical form, possesses interest in the delightful picture of the poet allured from his books to the observance of May and the praise of the daisy, and in the list of writings he had produced previous to 1385. In this confession of authorship we find the only existing reference to a translation of the treatise *De Misericordia Conditionis Humanae* of Pope Innocent III.—

the Wretched Engendring of Mankynde
As man may in pope Innocent y-fyne.

There is also the implied admission that Chaucer had translated the *Romaunt of the Rose*, though Dr. Skeat refuses to accept the existing translation as his. His comment on the passage is interesting. "Chaucer," he says, "here certainly seems to imply that he translated the whole of the Romaunt of the Rose, or at any rate, that portion of it which is specially directed against women." But Dr. Skeat can admit no more than this natural conclusion. He proceeds to point out that the translation does not contain "such passages as the God of Love would most have objected to," though, later, in the Prologue to the *Wife of Bath's Tale* some of them are reproduced. Then again, Dr. Skeat urges that when Chaucer does introduce passages from the *Romaunt* in his poems, they "usually lie outside" the English translation, and when they do not, Chaucer's wording differs. Thus, in the *Book of the Duchess* we find:—

And every tree stood by himself
Fro other wel ten foot or twelve,
So grete trees, so huge of strengthe.

In the *Romaunt* translation the passage runs:—

Those trees were set, that I devyse,
One from another in assye,
Five fadom or six, I trowe so,
But they were bighe and grete also.

Dr. Skeat makes much of the difference between "ten foot or twelve," and "five fadom or six," the original being *cinq toises, ou de sis*. But is it inconceivable that the poet should permit himself greater freedom when merely adapting a passage than when expressly engaged on a translation? This, however, is but one among the many interesting points discussed in the seventy pages of notes and the suggestive introductory matter of the present volume. Dr. Skeat's examination of the metre of the *Legend*—the earliest example of the heroic couplet shaped by a master poet—is searching, and full of instruction. His reconstruction of the text is also invariably sound. Words are restored to truncated lines, either as necessary for scansion or as useful for the sense; and those words occur originally in some or all of the MSS. the editor classes in the first rank. It is obvious, indeed, that until now Chaucer has been terribly "mis-metred" by editors, and *The Legend of Good Women* has suffered rather more than the other poems in this matter. A good glossary and full indices supply the remaining satisfactory features of Dr. Skeat's excellent work.

Mr. William McCormick's *Three Lectures on Literature* (Alexander Gardner) treat of "English Literature and University Education," the poetry of Wordsworth and of Mr. Robert Browning. The first is a reply to an article by Professor Freeman, which somewhat roughly handled the claims of literature as a subject of study in the Universities. Mr. McCormick tilts with a light, though rather belated, hand in this encounter, and, it is fair to add, deals Mr. Freeman some shrewd strokes. We sympathize with Mr. McCormick's dislike and distrust of pedantry, whether it be ground small from mills in high places, or blatant in less authoritative quarters. Of the remaining lectures, that on Mr. Browning will better repay the youthful reader. It is encouraging in tone; and this is always a pleasant characteristic with the studious young.

Mr. Robert Marr's *Music for the People* (Edinburgh: Menzies) includes an interesting sketch of the rise and progress of choral Societies in Scotland, with special reference to the various musical Societies, organists, bands, pipers, and others who performed at the Glasgow Exhibition of 1888. Good music and cheap is undoubtedly a popular demand of the day, and in Scotland it is met with efficiency and in abundance. Every town has its choirs, some of which have been long established and are deservedly celebrated. The Glasgow Choral Union, one of the oldest and most important, has long exercised a highly beneficial influence as an excellent model for the many aspiring musical Societies that have sprung into existence recently in all parts of the country. Mr. Marr's review of the subject shows that music is in a very thriving condition in Scotland.

Poems, by "Antaeus" (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), is the

(1) *Dix années du Salon de peinture et de sculpture, 1879-1888.* Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(2) *Album Caran d'Ache.* Paris: Plon.

[August 31, 1889.]

merest booklet of verse, yet not altogether without individuality. It is made up of a drama that is little but a sketch for a play, and of songs that have on occasion a sprightly daring all their own. In "Spring" and "Egoism," two little trills of song, there is something of the promise that justifies the poet's farewell to the reader :-

The winter chaffinch and this little book
Record the promise of a singing age.
Scorn not the weakest bird-note. Rather look
For summer song, long light, and a fuller page.

"Antaeus" may well have something more considerable in reserve.

Mr. Montgomery's *Leading Facts of French History* (Boston : Ginn) possesses decided advantages, as an elementary school-book, in the arrangement of the historical material, the useful maps, and the appendix of genealogical tables. Less happy is the attempt to give phonetic equivalents to French names. Boys and girls are not advanced by being instructed that Poitiers is "almost Pw'i-te-a," Saint Pierre (San Pee-ar), Jacques Bonhomme (Zhak-Bon-om'), and so forth.

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